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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ON SPACE.

BY SAMUEL W. STOCKTON.

There is a point in space so far remote,
To which, if the Creator had dispatch'd,
The being he first form'd, and bade him take
His flight forthwith, and nerve his wings to fly
Sevenfold more swift than the electric fires,
And with each clap of wings, redouble speed,
Till each succeeding, myriad miles should gain;
Increasing so, that if 'twere possible,
A myriad times a second to divide,
Each dividend a myriad miles he'd gain.
And should he still be darting on his way,
The distance gain'd, compared with destin'd place,
Would trifling be, compared with that of one,
Who on a journey round this earth, advanc'd
One step beyond the threshold of his door.

Philadelphia, September, 1837.

THE DESTROYER.

Passages from the Diary of a late London Physician

CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST NUMBER.

About six months afterwards, my eye lit upon the following announcement in one of the newspapers:—"On the 2d instant, at Densleigh Grange, the lady of Colonel St. Helen, of a son." I discovered, upon enquiry, that both mother and child were doing well—although the event so dreaded by Mrs. St. Helen had come to pass, and very greatly affected her spirits—the Colonel was ordered, with his regiment, upon foreign service. She had nearly succeeded in persuading him to quit the army; and it required all the influence of his most experienced personal friends, as well as a tolerably distinct intimation of opinion from the Royal Commander-in-Chief at the Horse-Guards to prevent him from yielding to her entreaties. His destination was India; and with a very heavy heart, six weeks before her accouchment took place, he bade her adieu—feeling that too probably it was for ever! He could not, however, tear himself away; twice did he return suddenly and unexpectedly to Densleigh, after having taken, as he had thought, a final farewell. She insisted on returning with him to London, and witnessing his departure. When it had taken place, she returned to Densleigh, and for a while gave herself up to the most violent emotions of grief.—Dreading the consequences to her, in her critical circumstances, Mrs. Ogilvie, the sister of Col. St. Helen, came down to Densleigh, and succeeded in bringing Mrs. St. Helen up to town with her, hoping that change of scene and the gaieties of the metropolis might aid in recruiting her agitated spirits, and thereby prepare her for the trial she had so soon to undergo. She had not been long in London before she prevailed upon Mrs. Ogilvie to drive with her to the Horse Guards, and endeavour, if possible, to gain some intelligence as to the probable duration of her husband's absence, and of the nature of the service in which he was to be employed. Her heart almost failed her when the carriage drew up at the Horse-Guards. With some trepidation she gave the servant a card bearing her name, on which she had written a few lines stating the enquiry she had called to make, and desired him to take and wait with it for an answer. "His Royal Highness will send to you, Ma'am, in a few moments," said the servant on his return. Presently an officer in splendid uniform was seen approaching the carriage—he was an aide-de-camp of the Commander-in-Chief, and Mrs. St. Helen, with some additional agitation, recognised in him, as he stood before her Capt. Alverley. To her it was indeed a most unexpected meeting: and he seemed not free from embarrassment.

"His Royal Highness has directed me to inform you," said he, bowing politely, "that he regrets being unable to receive you, as he is now engaged with important business. He also directs me to say, in answer to your enquiry, that Col. St. Helen's stay will probably not exceed three years." While he was yet speaking Mrs. St. Helen, overcome with agitation, hastily bowed to him, ordered the coach-man to drive on, and sunk back on her seat exhausted.

"Emma! Emma! what can you mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Ogilvie, with much displeasure; "I never saw such rudeness! Yes," looking back towards the Horse-Guards, "he may well be astonished! I declare he is still standing thunderstruck at your most extraordinary behaviour!"

"I—I cannot help it," murmured Mrs. St. Helen, faintly, "I thought I should have fainted. He so reminded me of Arthur—and—did you observe," she continued, sobbing, "nothing was said about the nature of the service! Oh, I am sure, I shall never see him again! I wish, I wish, I had not called at the odious place—I might have then hoped!" A long drive, however, through a cheerful part of the suburbs at length somewhat relieved her oppression; but it was evident, from her silence and her absent manner, that her thoughts continued occupied with what she had seen and heard at the Horse-Guards.

Capt. Alverley *did* stand thunderstruck, and continued so standing for some moments after the carriage had driven out of sight. Had I then seen him, and known that of his character which I now know, I should have been reminded of the poet's description of the deadly serpent—

"Terribly beautiful the serpent lay,
Wreathed like a coronet of gold and jewels
Fit for a tyrant's brow; anon he flew,
Straight like an arrow, shot from his own wings;"*

—or rather it might have appeared as though the rattle-snake were stunned for an instant by the suddenness of the appearance of his beautiful victim. No; the fatal spring had not yet been made, nor had as yet the fascination of that death-dooming eye *been felt* by the victim!

Almost immediately upon Col. St. Helen's arrival in India, he was hurried into action; and in little more than a year after his departure from England, the Gazette made most honourable mention of his name, as connected with a very important action in the Mahratta war. I could easily contrive, I thought, to call to-day upon Mrs. St. Helen, and so be, perhaps, the first to show her the Gazette; and I made my arrangements accordingly. Putting the important document in my pocket, I drove in the direction of Densleigh, having a patient in the neighbourhood. I left my carriage in the road, and walked up the avenue to the house. I trode so noiselessly upon the "soft smooth-shaven green," that my approach was not perceived by the occupants of the room in which we had lunched on the occasion already mentioned.—They were Mrs. St. Helen and her little son Arthur. The latter was evidently acting the soldier, having a feather stuck in his cap, and a broad red ribbon round his waist, to which was attached a sword, and, in order to complete his resemblance to the figure of an officer, he had a drum fastened in front of him, to the harmonious sound of which he was marching fiercely round the room; while his mother—her beautiful countenance turned fully and fondly towards him—was playing upon the piano, "See the conquering hero comes!" She perceived me approach, and started for a moment; but hastily motioning me not to appear and disturb what was going on, I stepped aside.

"And what does brave papa do, Arthur?" said she, ceasing to play. He stopped, dropped his drum-sticks, drew his little sword with some difficulty from its sheath, and after appearing to aim one or two blows at some imaginary enemy, returned it to its scabbard, and was marching with a very dignified air past his mother, when she rose from her seat, and suddenly clasping the young warrior in her arms, smothered him with kisses.

"Pray walk in, dear Doctor," said she, approaching me, after setting down the child, "forgive a poor lonely mother's weakness."

"So, then, you have heard of it?"

"Heard of what?" she enquired hurriedly, slightly changing colour. I took out the Gazette. "Oh, come in, come in, and we'll sit down—I—I begin to feel—rather faint;" her eyes fastened upon the paper I held in my hands.—We sat down together upon the sofa. As soon as, with the aid of a vinaigrette, she had recovered a little from her agitation, I read to her—who listened breathless—the very flattering terms in which Col. St. Helen's conduct in a most sanguinary action, was mentioned in the despatch, with the gratifying addition, that his name was not included in the list of either killed or wounded. "Oh, my noble, gallant Arthur!" she murmured, bursting into tears, "I knew he would acquit himself well! I wonder, Arthur, if he thought *of us* when he was in the field!" snatching up her son—who, with his little hands resting on her lap, stood beside her, looking up concernedly in her face—and folding him to her bosom. A flood of tears relieved her excitement. She kissed the Gazette, and thanked me warmly for having brought it to her. She presently rung the bell, and desired the butler to be sent for, who soon made his appearance.

* The Pelican Island; by James Montgomery.

"Are they at dinner?" she enquired. He bowed. "Then give them two bottles of wine, and let them drink their master's health; for"—

She could not finish the sentence, and I added, for her—"Col. St. Helen has been engaged in a glorious action, and has gained great distinction"—

"I'll give it, ma'am—sir—I will," interrupted the impatient butler; "we'll be sure to drink master's health, ma'am—his best health—and yours, ma'am—and the young gentleman's; Lord, sir, it couldn't be otherwise! is master hurt, sir?"

"Not a hair, I believe," I answered.

"Lord Almighty!" he exclaimed, unconsciously snapping his fingers, as his hands hung down, "only to think of it, ma'am—how glad you must be, ma'am—young master there, ma'am; but how could it be otherwise, ma'am?"

"Thank you, Bennet, thank you! make yourselves happy, for I am sure I am," replied Mrs. St. Helen, as well as her agitation would allow her—and the butler withdrew. Poor Mrs. St. Helen asked me a hundred questions, which I had no more means of answering than herself; and, in short, was evidently greatly excited. As I stood at the open window, which opened on the lawn, admiring for a moment the prospect it commanded, my eye caught the figure of a cavalry officer, in undress uniform, followed by his groom, cantering easily towards Densleigh.

"Who can this be, Mrs. St. Helen?" said I, pointing him out to her, as she rose from the sofa.

"Who, Doctor? where?" she enquired, hastily.

"It is an officer, in undress uniform, evidently coming hither, I suppose he brings you official information." At that moment the approaching figures were again, for an instant, visible at a sudden turn of the road; and Mrs. St. Helen, slightly changing colour, exclaimed, with, as I thought, a certain tremour easily accounted for—"Oh, yes—I know who it is—Capt. Alverley, aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-chief—no doubt he comes to tell me what I know already, through your kindness—and—he may also bring me letters."

"Very possibly! Well, dear Mrs. St. Helen, I most cordially congratulate you on this good news; but pray, don't suffer yourself to be excited," said I, taking up my hat and stick.

"Don't—don't hurry away, Doctor," she replied. I took her hand in mine. It was cold, and trembled. I hastily repeated my advice, having already staid longer than my engagements allowed, and took my leave. As I reached my carriage, Captain Alverley—if such was the officer's name—was just entering the gate, which his groom was holding open for him.

"Well," thought I, as I drove off, "if I were Col. St. Helen, and six or seven thousand miles off, I should not exactly *prefer a tete-a-tete*, even on the subject of my own magnificent exploits, between my beautiful wife and that handsome officer—for certainly, as far as my hurried scrutiny went, I never had seen a man with a finer person and air, or a more prepossessing countenance. That was the first time that I had ever seen or heard of Capt. Alverley.

Some little time after this occurrence the death of an elder brother entitled Col. St. Helen to an income of several thousands a-year, and a house in the immediate neighbourhood of Berkley Square. This was an event the Colonel had anticipated before leaving England, as his brother had long been in a declining state of health; and he arranged with his solicitor and man of business, that should the event take place before the expiration of the term for which he held Densleigh, efforts were to be made to continue the lease, and the house in —— street was to be let, but not for longer than three years.—If, however, Densleigh could not be secured for a further lease, then Mrs. St. Helen was to occupy —— street, till the Colonel's return to England. Col. St. Helen's brother died shortly before the lease of Densleigh expired, and its proprietor, wishing to live in it himself, declined to renew the lease. The necessary arrangements, therefore, were made for removing Mrs. St. Helen, with her establishment, to —— street—a noble residence, which the Colonel had left orders should, in the contingency which had happened, be furnished entirely according to Mrs. St. Helen's wishes. He had also made the proper arrangements for putting her in possession of an additional allowance of 2,000*l.* a-year; and under the judicious superintendence of his solicitor, all these arrangements were speedily and satisfactorily carried into effect; and Mrs. St. Helen was duly installed the mistress of her new and elegant residence, with a handsome equipage, a full retinue of servants, and a clear income of 3,500*l.* a-year, including her former allowance. Oh, unhappy, infatuated husband, to have made such an arrangement! Would that you had never permitted your lovely wife to enter such scenes of dazzling danger—that you had rather placed her in secret retirement till you returned—far from the "garish eye" of the world—even in some lone sequestered spot

"Where glide the sunbeams through the latticed boughs,
And fall like dew-drops on the spangled ground,
To light the diamond beetle on his way;
Where cheerful openings let the sky look down
Into the very heart of solitude,
On little garden plots of social flowers,
That crowded from the shades to peep at daylight;
Or where impermeable foliage made
Midnight at noon, and chill damp horror reign'd
O'er dead fallen leaves and slimy funguses;"

—*any where* but in London. It was done, however, at the impulse of a generous confiding nature—though in fatal error—for the best!

I was driving home down —— street one evening alone, on my return from a dinner party, when I was stopped for a moment by a crowd of carriages opposite Lady ——'s; and recollected that I had promised to look in, if possible. I therefore got out, and made my way as soon as I could into the crowded mansion. Can any thing be absurder than such a scene? I always disliked balls and routs; but such as *these* must be perfectly intolerable, I fancy, to any sober, rational person. It was full five minutes before I could force my way up stairs and along the spacious landing to the door of the principal room, into which "*all the*" unhappy "*world*" had squeezed itself, and was undergoing purgatory. How many hundreds of ladies' maids and valets would have gone distracted to see their mistresses and masters so unable to display their handiwork—standing jammed together! but this is enjoyment and fashion—why should I find fault with those who experience pleasure in such scenes? After gazing on the glistening confused scene for a moment, admiring the fortitude of those who were enduring the heat and pressure without a murmur, perceiving no one that I knew, at least within speaking distance, I passed on towards another room, in search of Lady ——, whom I wished to show that I had kept my promise. The second room was much less crowded, and real, not make believe, dancing was going forward.

"She's very beautiful, is she not?" said a gentleman just before me, to one of the two ladies who leaned upon his arm, and who seemed looking critically at the dancers. "Y—e—s, rather," was the answer, in a languid, drawling tone.

"Waltzes well enough," said the other lady, "but for my part I quite dislike to see it."

"Dislike to see it? You joke," interrupted the gentleman; why do you dislike it? Upon my honour, I think it's quite a treat to see such waltzing as theirs."

"Oh, I dare say it's all correct enough, if one comes to *that*. I must own, I should not waltz myself, if I were married," said the glistening skeleton on his right arm, dropping its elaborately-dressed head with a would-be *naive* air. The ladies were two of the daughters of the Earl of Hetheringham—I knew not who the gentleman was.

"Really, I must say it's too bad, under circumstances," said one of the ladies, disdainfully eyeing a couple who were floating gracefully round the room, and who presently stopped in front of where I was standing—the lady apparently exhausted for the moment with her exertion. The reader may guess my feelings on recognising in these waltzers—Capt. Alverley and Mrs. St. Helen! Fearful of encountering her eye, I slipped away from where I had been standing—but not before I heard one of the fair critics, immediately before whom the pair of waltzers were standing, address her with a sweet air, and compliment her on her performance! At a little distance I continued to observe her movements. She was dressed magnificently, and became her dress magnificently. She was certainly the most beautiful woman in the room; and, with her companion, who was in full regimentals, one of the most conspicuous couples present. After a few minutes' pause, spent in conversing with her two affectionate cousins, she suffered her partner gently to lead off again among the waltzers. I could not help following her emotions with mingled feelings of pity and indignation. I resolved to throw myself in her way before quitting the room; and for that purpose stepped in front of the circle of bystanders. I knew a little of Capt. Alverley's character, at least by reputation; and recollected the agitation his approach had occasioned her, on my pointing out his figure to her at Densleigh. There were four or five couples waltzing; and those whom I was so eagerly observing, a second time stopped immediately in front of where I now stood—he apologizing for the force with which he had come against me. She too, observed it, and turned her head to see to whom her partner had apologized. The instant she recognised me, her features became suffused with crimson. Her companion observed it, and looked at me with a surprised and haughty air, as if designing to discourage me from speaking to her. I was not, however, to be deterred by such a trifle.

"How are you, Doctor?" said, or rather stammered Mrs. St. Helen, giving me her hand, which I thought trembled a little.

"When did you hear from the Colonel last?" I enquired presently, disregarding the air of impatience manifested by Capt. Alverley, who could not avoid observing the slight agitation and surprise my presence had occasioned his beautiful partner.

"Oh—I heard from India—not for several months—oh, yes, I did, about six weeks ago—He was very well when he *wrote*." Partly with the fatigue of waltzing, and partly through mental discomposure, she was evidently agitated.—She would have continued her conversation with me, but Capt. Alverley insisted on taking her in quest of a seat, and of refreshment. I soon after quitted the house, without any further attempt to see Lady ——; and my thoughts were so much occupied with the casual recontre I have just described, that I walked several paces down the street, on my way home, before I recollected that my carriage was waiting for me. I had seen nothing whatever that was directly improper—and yet I felt, or grieved, as though I had. Good God! was this the way in which Mrs. St. Helen testified her love for her generous, confiding husband—for him who had so affectionately secured her, by anticipation, the means of enjoying his expected accession of fortune—for him who was at that moment, possibly, gallantly charging in action with the enemies of his country—or who might have already received the wound which rendered her a widow and her children fatherless? What accursed influence had deadened her keen sensibilities—had impaired her delicate perception of propriety? I began to feel heavy misgivings about this Capt. Alverley—in short, I reached home full of vexing thoughts—for Mrs. St. Helen had suddenly sunk many, many degrees in my estimation. She did not appear to me to be the same woman that I had seen some twelve months before at Densleigh—the tender mother, the enthusiastic wife—*what* had come to her?

I thought it not improbable that I should, in the morning, receive a message from her, requesting a visit during the day; and I was not mistaken—for while sitting at breakfast, her servant brought me a note to that effect—requesting me to call, if convenient, before one o'clock. I foresaw that our interview would be of a different description to any former one.—However uneasy I felt on her account, I did not desire to be placed in the disagreeable position of receiving explanations and excuses which nothing had called forth but her own consciousness of impropriety, and my involuntary air of astonishment on the preceding evening. I had so many engagements that day, that it was nearly two o'clock before I could reach Mrs. St. Helen's. She sat in the drawing-room, with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Ogilvie, who had called about an hour before, a very elegant, sweet woman, some ten or twelve years her senior. I had evidently interrupted an unpleasant interview between them; for the former was in tears, and the latter looked agitated, while, consequently, all of us looked rather embarrassed.

"Doctor ——," said Mrs. St. Helen, quickly, after a few ordinary enquiries, "now, do pray tell me, did you see any thing objectionable in my"——

"Emma! how *can* you be so foolish," interrupted Mrs. Ogilvie, rising, with much displeasure. "I am really extremely vexed with you!" and she quitted the room without regarding Mrs. St. Helen's entreaties that she would stay. I should have liked to follow her, or that she had remained during my brief visit. I proceeded immediately, with a matter-of-fact air, to make a few professional enquiries.

"But, my dear Doctor ——," said she, earnestly, without answering my questions—"do tell me candidly, what *did* you see so very particular—and amiss—in my conduct last night?"

"What did I see amiss? Dear Mrs. St. Helen, you amaze me! I had not been at Lady ——'s above a minute or two before we met, and I left almost directly after"——

"Then what *did* your look mean? Do, dear Doctor, tell me what that look meant—I really could not help observing it—and I can't forget it."

"Mrs. St. Helen! you really quite—you must have strangely mistaken my looks?"

"Perhaps you don't—I suppose—that is—I know what you meant—was it that you didn't admire married women *waltzing*? Now, *do* tell me, for I feel quite unhappy."

"Well, since you are so very anxious to know my opinion, I have no hesitation in saying a"—

"Oh, pray go on, Doctor!" interrupted Mrs. St. Helen, impatiently.

"Why, all I was going to say is, that I certainly do not feel *particularly* pleased—but I may be quite absurd—at seeing married women waltzing, especially *mothers*."

"Dear Doctor, and why not? You can't think how much I respect your opinion; but surely, good heavens! what can there be indelicate"——

"Mrs. St. Helen! I did not use the word"——

"Well, but I know you meant it; why won't you be candid now, Doctor? But had you no other reason?" Her eyes filled with tears.

"My dear Mrs. St. Helen! what *reason* could I possibly have?" I interrupted, gravely—wishing to put an end to what threatened to become a very unpleasant discussion. "I have given you an answer to the strange question you asked; and now suppose"——

"Oh, Doctor, it is useless to attempt putting me off in this way—I can read a look as well as any one. I must have been blind not to see yours. The fact is—I suppose"—she raised her handkerchief to her eyes, which were again beginning to glisten with tears—"if you would but be honest—did you not think I was wrong in waltzing when my husband—is abroad—and—and—in danger?" She sobbed.

"Really, Mrs. St. Helen, you will persist in making my position here so unpleasant, that I must indeed take my leave." At that moment I heard the sound of a horse's feet approaching in the street. Mrs. St. Helen heard it, too, and hurrying to the bell, pulled it with undisguised trepidation. As soon as the servant entered she said, in a vehement tone, "Not at home! Not at home!" In spite of her efforts to conceal it, she trembled violently, and her face became paler than before. Determined to ascertain whether or not my sudden suspicions were correct, I rose, intending to walk to the window, when I expected to see Capt. Alverley; but she prevented me, doubtless purposely,—extending her arm towards me, and begging me to feel her pulse. So I was kept engaged till I heard the hall-door closed, after an evident parley, and the retreating of the equestrian visitor. I had been requested to call before one o'clock—it was now past two: had she engaged to ride out with Capt. Alverley?

"Well, what do you think of my pulse, Doctor?" enquired Mrs. St. Helen, breathing more freely, but still by no means calm.

"Why, it shows a high degree of nervous irritability and excitement, Mrs. St. Helen."

"Very probably; and no wonder! People are so cruel, and so scandalous." She burst into tears. "Here's my sister been lecturing me this hour—half killing me! She insists"——

"Pray restrain your feelings, Mrs. St. Helen! Why all this agitation? I am not your father confessor," said I, endeavouring to assume a gay air. Mrs. St. Helen paused, and sobbed heavily.

"She tells me that my behaviour is so—so light, that I am getting myself talked about."—She seemed exceedingly distressed. "Now, dear Doctor, if you really love me, as a very, very old friend—I'm sure I love *you*!—do tell me, candidly, have *you* ever heard any thing?"

"Never, Mrs. St. Helen, I solemnly assure you, have I heard your name mentioned, to my knowledge, till last night, when I happened to overhear two ladies, who seemed to be wondering at your waltzing"——

"Oh," she interrupted me with great vivacity, "I know who they were! My cousins! My sweet, good-natured cousins—Oh, the vipers!—Wherever I go they hiss at me! But I'll endure it no longer! I'll drive to —— Square this very day, and insist"——

"If you *do*, Mrs. St. Helen, and mention one syllable of what I have perhaps unguardedly told you, and what I could not help overhearing, we never meet again."

"Then what am I to do?" she exclaimed, passionately. "Am I to endure all this! Must I suffer myself to be slandered with impunity?"

"God forbid, Mrs. St. Helen, that you should be slandered."

"Then what am I to do?"

"Give no occasion," I answered, more drily perhaps than I intended.

"Give no occasion, indeed!" echoed Mrs. St. Helen, with an indignant air, rising at the same time, and walking rapidly to and fro. "And who says that I ever *have* given occasion?" fixing her bright eye upon me with a kind of defiance.

"Mrs. St. Helen, you greatly grieve and surprise me by all this. You ask me again and again for an answer to a very strange question, and when at length you get one, you are affronted with me for giving it. I declare that I know nothing whatever about your conduct, one way or the other. But since you have forced me to speak, very reluctantly—for I have no business to enter into any such matters—I can but repeat what I have said, that if the tongue of scandal and envy is busy with you, you must be extraordinary on your guard to let your conduct give them the lie!"

"My dear Doctor," said she, suddenly resuming her seat, and speaking in the sweetest and most sorrowful tone of voice, "I—I *will* be more guarded; I—I will not waltz again." Sobs prevented her going on. I took her hand cordially.

"I am delighted to hear you say so, Mrs. St. Helen. I know well your high honour, your purity of principle; but, believe me, your innocent unsuspecting frankness may yet expose you often to danger. Why may I not tell you the feelings of my heart, dear Mrs. St. Helen? they are towards you more those of a father than a friend or physician. You are young, why should I not tell you what you know—you are very beautiful;" she buried her face in her handkerchief, and sobbed almost convulsively. "The men of the world—of fashion—into whose way you have been lately so much thrown, are often very unprincipled and base; they may, with subtle wickedness, contrive snares for you that your innocent inexperience cannot detect till perhaps too late." She involuntarily squeezed my hand, for I still held hers, but attempted no reply. "Now, may I tell you what was really passing through my mind last night at Lady ——'s?" She spoke not, but continued her face in her handkerchief. "I was thinking that, perhaps at the moment you were being whirled round the room by that Capt. Alverley, your gallant husband, charging at the head of his regiment, might be tumbling dead from his horse."

"Ah! and so did I the moment I saw you!" almost shrieked Mrs. St. Helen, suddenly raising her pallid face from the handkerchief in which it had been buried. I had the greatest difficulty in preventing her going off into violent hysterics. After a long struggle with her tumultuous feelings, "O Arthur, Arthur!" she exclaimed, in such a tone as brought the tears suddenly into my eyes—"if I have ever wronged you in thought, in word, or in deed!"——

"Impossible!—perfectly impossible!" I exclaimed with energy, in a cheerful exulting tone.

"No!" she exclaimed, sitting suddenly upright, with a noble expression beaming in her excited features, which were blanched with her vehement emotions. "No! I am his wife! I am the mother of his children! I have not betrayed them; I will not!"

I looked at her with astonishment; the wild smile passed quickly from her pallid, beautiful countenance, and she sunk back on the sofa in a swoon. I instantly summoned assistance, and her maid, with one or two other female servants presently entered hastily with water and smelling-salts.

"I knew she was ill, sir," said her maid, Joyce: "she's not been quite herself I may say this several weeks. This constant going out at nights doesn't do for her, and I've often told her so, sir."

"I suppose she goes out a great deal in the evenings?"

"Oh yes, sir; three or four times a week, and oftener, sir."

"Is it generally late before she comes back?"

"Never hardly before three or four o'clock in the morning, sir; and so tired and knocked up, as one may say"——Here Mrs. St. Helen began to revive. She seemed very much annoyed when she had thoroughly recovered her consciousness, at being surrounded by her servants. After giving her a few directions—for she was suffering slightly from a cold, I left, promising to call upon her again in a day or two.

Three or four times a-week and oftener! The words rung in my ears long after Mrs. St. Helen was out of my sight. Was this the same woman that had once enquired with such a passionate air whether Col. St. Helen ever thought of *her* and her children, when he was going to the field, and surrounded by death? How would that gallant heart of his have been wrung, at such a moment, had he known in what manner she conducted herself during his absence! Despite what had recently passed between us, I trembled for Mrs. St. Helen: I knew not how far she might be really committed—to what extent her light and thoughtless behaviour might have given encouragement to those ever ready to take advantage of such conduct: her emotions had been violent, and where no doubt genuine; and yet the agonies I had been witnessing might be little else than the mere spasms of declining virtue!

Of Capt. Alverley—*Honourable* Charles Alverley—I regret that I should have to speak at any length. But I must—he is one of the main figures in this painful picture—he is the DESTROYER. He belonged to a high family; was a well-educated and accomplished man—of handsome person and an irresistible address; yet, nevertheless, as heartless a villain as ever existed. He was a systematic seducer! The fair sex he professed to idolize; yet he could not look upon them but with a lustful and corrupting eye. He was proverbial for his gallantries; he made every thing subservient to them. His character was well known, and yet, alas! he was every where esteemed in society, in whose parlance he was—a gentleman? Who could resist the gay, the bland, the graceful Alverley, with his coronet in expectation?

Why—asks one, in happy ignorance of the world about him—is such a wretch created and suffered to infest the fairest regions of humanity? It might as well be asked, why has the Almighty created the cobra or the crocodile?

Capt. Alverley, as already intimated, had excited a strong interest in Miss Annesley's heart before she had ever seen or heard of Col. St. Helen. Having discovered her want of fortune, he withdrew, on the plea already mentioned, from the competition for her hand; but he never lost sight of her. He had, in fact, determined, come what would, on effecting the ruin of Mrs. St. Helen; and he set to work patiently, and, as he often considered, *scientifically*. It has been supposed—though with what truth I know not—that he had something or other to do with poor Col. St. Helen's summons upon foreign service; and the moment that he had sailed, the fiend commenced his operations. They were long retarded, however, by the strictly secluded life Mrs. St. Helen led at Densleigh, occupied with her holy and happy maternal duties. Would to Heaven that she had never quitted the one, or been diverted, even for a moment, from the performance of the other! The accidental rencontre at the Horse-Guards, I have already mentioned. The instant that he was commissioned by his Royal master to bear a kind message to Mrs. St. Helen, he determined upon the demeanour he should assume—one at once delicate and deferential—fraught with sympathy for her evident suffering. Observing her agitation he did not attempt, by a look or a word, to remind her that they had ever met before; confining himself, with perfect taste, to the delivery of the message with which he had been charged.—When Mrs. St. Helen abruptly drove off, in the manner already described, his vile heart leaped for joy. His practised eye saw that her agitation was not *entirely* attributed to the errand on which she had come. He certainly had remained standing in the manner Mrs. Ogilvie had described, but it was not in astonishment; he was wondering what had just happened; and in a few moments returned to the room he had quitted, with a flush on his countenance, and the consciousness that he had commenced his infernal campaign. Some six or eight months afterwards a packet arrived at the Horse-Guards from India, inclosing a letter, which the writer, Col. St. Helen, begged might be thrown into the post for Mrs. St. Helen. Of this, however, Capt. Alverley took charge, and that very afternoon rode down to Densleigh, and delivered it with his own hands into those of the servant—"with Capt. Alverley's compliments"—when he rode off. He justly considered that his delicacy in doing so could not but be appreciated. It was so! Had Mrs. St. Helen then closely and faithfully examined her heart, in order to ascertain the exact nature of her feelings on finding that Capt. Alverley had himself brought her a letter with the immediate receipt of which he supposed she would be so much gratified, and that he had abstained from personally delivering it; had she done this, her terror-stricken eye might have detected the serpent, dim-glistening in dreadful beauty, beneath the concealing foliage. The sudden shudder would have been her salvation. But she did not—she could not. Not hers was the salutary habit or the power of self-examination; not hers, alas! had been the blessed vigilance of a fond and virtuous mother, exercised over her young years! Already, in the sight of God, had commenced the guilt of Mrs. St. Helen, who yet nevertheless was unconscious of the presence or approach of evil, even in thought. But why? Because of her fatal remissness in guarding the "approaches of her heart." Had she then asked help from Heaven, she might have perceived the danger which nothing but Heaven's light could have detected. The tempter, says an old divine, "is then ever nighest, when we think him farthest off." Yes, a sudden poison had already been imperceptibly infused, in infinitely small quantity, it may be, into the heart of Mrs. St. Helen—a poison of slow but inevitable operation. O woman, this is the point of danger? I repeat it, that, harsh and unjust as it may appear, from the moment alluded to, Mrs. St. Helen became an accomplice in effecting her own ruin. Not that she had as yet sensibly or consciously suffered any injury; the *wife* and the *mother* were still supreme in Mrs. St. Helen; her quick and ardent feelings knew of no other objects, no other outlets than these. O unhappy woman! why was it that when Capt. Alverley conveyed to you the intelligence of your husband's triumphs, you trembled at hearing of it? Why was that faint flutter at your heart? Had not *I* already communicated all he came to tell?—What feelings flitted through your bosom when, leaning against the window, you followed the retiring figure of Alverley. He had been most eloquent in praise of your husband; his winning tones entered your heart; but how failed your eye to encounter the ardent look with which he regarded you! Ought not the conscious difference between the feelings with which you regarded him and me, or any other indifferent person, to have sounded the alarm, in your husband's name, in every chamber of your heart? Ill-fated woman! dare you approach to Heaven to testify *all* the feelings with which you heard of quitting Densleigh for London? Were you even reluctant to take that step because of your dislike to encounter Alverley? Would you avow the feelings with which you found yourself becoming intimate with his distinguished family? Alas! did you not feel a secret satisfaction at finding yourself sitting at Lord ——'s dinner-table, with Capt. Alverley beside you? Had not your perception of right and wrong been suddenly confused and disturbed, how could you tolerate his altered demeanour towards you?—Did you not observe and tremblingly appreciate the tact with which attentions, exquisitely flattering and gratifying to *you*, were concealed from all others? Did a sense of security from observation begin to evince itself when you perceived the skill with which his movements were directed? What alteration of feeling did not all this imply? Dreadful questions—how clearly does your disinclination to answer them indicate the nature of the change you are undergoing!

Mrs. St. Helen had not been in London half a-year, before Capt. Alverley felt that he was triumphing—that his long-continued and deeply laid schemes were conducting him to success. The first—the very first step, he had felt to be every thing; it had gained him an interest, however faint, in her feelings, and he cherished it with the most exquisite skill, the most watchful assiduity. He kept *himself* ever in the back ground. He would excite her feelings with his generous and eloquent eulogies of Col. St. Helen's conduct abroad; in the middle of one of them be suddenly became confused, heaved a faint sigh, and resumed his conversation with ill-disguised embarrassment. He busied himself—he took infinite pains—at least he led her to think so—in procuring the return home of Col. St. Helen; thus, in short, and in a thousand other ways, he at length disarmed Mrs. St. Helen by lulling her suspicions, or rather preventing their being excited. Consummately skilled in the workings of the female heart, he guided his conduct according to the indications he discovered. In handing her one night to her carriage from the opera, he made a point of insulting a gentleman, who, with a lady on his arm, was hurrying on before Capt. Alverley and Mrs. St. Helen. A hurried whisper between the two gentlemen, satisfied Mrs. St. Helen that there was mischief in preparation. "For Heaven's sake!" she whispered, in excessive trepidation—but he gently forced her into the carriage, and permitted it to drive off without his uttering a word. He gained his end. The evening papers of the ensuing day duly announced an "affair of honour" between the "Marquess of * * * * *," attended by, &c., and Capt. A. B. C., attended, &c. 'The meeting arose out of an alledged affront offered by the noble Marquess to a 'young and beautiful lady,' &c. &c., whom the Captain was conducting to her carriage, &c. &c. Very strange to say, neither party did the other any harm! Capt. Alverley, on the next opera night, found his way to her box.

"Captain Alverley! how *could* you"—commenced Mrs. St. Helen, very earnestly.

"My dear Mrs. St. Helen!" was the only reply, with a look that none could give but Capt. Alverley. He knew the amount of his gain, and was in ecstasies.

In the progress of "the affair," Captain Alverley's next step was to accustom Mrs. St. Helen to hear herself called a flirt, and to have his name, on such occasions, always judiciously coupled with hers. The first time that ever she waltzed with him—which he justly regarded as an open triumph—was in consequence of a very heated altercation she had with Mrs. Ogilvie, who had freely charged her with culpable lightness of conduct with reference to Captain Alverley; the consequence of which was, that Mrs. St. Helen went, as she had angrily threatened, to a ball, where, casting a look of defiance at her sister-in-law, she instantly accepted Captain Alverley's invitation, infinitely to his astonishment. He saw his position, and behaved with prudence. After one or two rounds, he led her, with an air of the properest deference in the world, to a seat, and paid her no marked attentions whatever during the evening. He perceived that her lynx-eyed sister watched his every movement; and for upwards of a fortnight he suspended all but the most ordinary and casual civilities and attentions to Mrs. St. Helen. Why did not the infatuated woman at once break through all the meshes with which she was now conscious of being surrounded? Why did no sudden alarm of virtue—no Heaven-inspired strength—enable her to "flee like a bird from the snare of the fowler?" Alas, that I should have to write it! *She did now wish to do so.* Not that yet even she contemplated the idea of positive guilt—vastly far from it. She was so conscious of her own strength, as to prevent all apprehensions on *that* score. It is true she was occasionally sensible, with a heart-flutter and cheek suffused, of an interest in Captain Alverley, that was inconsistent with the undivided affection due to her husband; she went no further consciously, but how far was this?—She consoled herself with the notion that it was certainly rather coquettish—and that was almost universal. The plain truth was, she began to indulge towards Captain Averley, feelings which she no longer dared to scrutinize. Her vanity, again, would not suffer her to part with so gay and dazzling a follower—"she was surely able to take care of herself!"

Once or twice I called upon Mrs. St. Helen, in pursuance of the promise I made, but without seeing her, as she had just gone out. This might, or it might not be true. If she was denying herself to me, it must have been on account of what had taken place on the occasion alluded to; and was it that she was ashamed of her frankness—of the extent of her admissions, or that she regretted having made them from other considerations? I was driving, one afternoon, through the Park, on my way to a patient near Cumberland Gate, when I happened to overtake the open carriage of Mrs. St. Helen, driving very slowly, she being in conversation with an equestrian who walked his horse alongside,—and I soon detected in him Captain Alverley. I perceived with a hurried look in passing, that she was listening intently to what he was saying—looking down, and slightly colouring. I felt sick at heart for her! The next time that I saw her at home, she seemed very calm and sensibly colder in her manner towards me than I had ever seen her before. She made not—nor of course did I—the slightest allusion to our late deeply interesting conversation. In answer to my enquiries, she said that she was in very good health, except that she did not now sleep so soundly as heretofore, and her appetite had also declined—the usual consequences, I told her, of a life of London dissipation—of irregular hours, excitement, and fatigue.

"As I feel rather solitary in this large house," said she, "I have invited a Miss Churchill, a distant relation of the Colonel's, to pay me a visit. She's a very sweet good girl, and I have no doubt we shall be inseparable." While she said this, a slight colour mounted into her cheek, which set me speculating upon what she had just told me. Was then her summons to Miss Churchill a *signal of distress*? Was it that she began to feel her danger—that she wished a protector—some one who should be indeed, as she said, inseparable from her—ever by her side—whose presence might check, if not prevent the increasing attentions of Captain Alverley? Faint effort of endangered virtue!—But it *was* an effort, and I rejoiced to see it made.

"When do you purpose leaving town?" I enquired.

"Leaving town!" she exclaimed quickly—"why, dear Doctor, *should* I leave town? The season not yet at its height even? Besides, I hate the country—I never heartily liked it."

"I thought, Mrs. St. Helen"——

"Oh yes," she interrupted hastily, "I know what you mean. Densleigh was certainly a pleasant place enough, but, we've lost it." She paused for a moment, and added—"but I suppose that about August we must go down somewhere or other"——

"The sea-air will do wonders for you, and for the children."

"Yes—I dare say it would," she replied, with rather an indifferent air—"but at present they are very well; I always have them taken to the Park—and where can there be a finer air?"—Here some visitors were announced, the servant at the same time laying down six or seven notes and cards of invitation upon one of the tables.

About a month afterwards, I received the following note from Mrs. St. Helen:—

"Dear Doctor,—Will you call in here in the course of the morning, to see one of the children, who, I fear, is poorly? Jones tells me she thinks it is the measles. I hope it is not anything worse—the scarlet fever, for instance, or small pox. But you can soon tell. I shall wait at home for you till two.

Ever yours,
"E. St. Helen.

"P.S.—I have never had either of these horrid complaints myself, and feel rather nervous.

"—— *Street*, 10 o'clock."

What a dismal contrast this note afforded, I thought, laying it down with a sigh, to the eager, alarmed summons she had sent on a former occasion from Densleigh! A little after two o'clock I was at —— Street, and was shown up immediately into the nursery. Mrs. St. Helen's pony-phaeton was at the door, and she was sitting ready dressed for a drive, on the corner of the bed in which lay her younger child. Her handkerchief, saturated with Eau de Cologne, was every now and then lifted to her face, as though she dreaded infection. She looked very beautiful—her dress infinitely became her—and not particularly agitated.

"I was beginning to get fidgetty, Doctor; I was afraid he was ailing a little yesterday—his eyes looked very heavy yesterday evening, didn't they, Jones?" turning to the maid.

"Yes, ma'am," she replied eagerly, directing an affectionate and anxious look to the child.—"You may recollect ma'am, I asked you yesterday afternoon if we hadn't better send for"——

"Oh yes—I dare say—I think you did, Jones," interrupted Mrs. St. Helen, quickly, and with rather a displeased air. "Jones is always terrified with every change in the child's face! But do you think there is any thing really the matter Doctor?"

After a little examination, I told her that I thought the child was sickening for the measles.

"Is he indeed, sweet little lamb!"—she exclaimed, looking really kindly at the child. "You don't think it's scarlet fever, now?" after a moment's pause, turning anxiously towards me and gently agitating her fragrant handkerchief.

"No," I replied—"at present I think it is decidedly the measles."

"Measles are not dangerous, are they?"

"La, ma'am!" interrupted Jones, who was kneeling at the side of the bed, near the child—her eyes filling with tears—"excuse me, ma'am, but my poor sister's child died of them only a twelvemonth ago."

"Oh, nonsense, Jones—why do you try to alarm me in this way? There's no such *very* great danger, is there?"—turning towards me with more interest in her manner than she had hitherto manifested.

"I sincerely hope not! At present I can assure you there is every appearance of its being a mild attack."

"Only feel how hot his little hand is, ma'am!" said Jones.

Mrs. St. Helen did not remove her gloves, but said to me—"Of course he is rather feverish just now!"

After giving a few directions concerning the temperature of the room, his food, and one or two other little matters, I left, and descended to the drawing-room, to write a prescription.

"I shall return home by four, Jones," said Mrs. St. Helen, also quitting the room, and following me—"be sure you pay him every attention—Don't remove your eyes from him for a moment!"

"I am quite delighted to find that there's no danger, Doctor," said she, seating herself beside me, as I began to write.

"Indeed, my dear madam," determined not to let matters pass so *very* easily, "we must not be too sanguine. There are two forms of measles,—the one a mild, the other very malignant. At present I cannot undertake to say with certainty which of the two it is." She continued silent for a few moments.—"I think I told you in my note, that I believed I had never had the measles?—Are they really catching from a child to a grown up-person?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Heavens!—I—I'll have pastiles burnt all over the house all day! Dear me! it would be dreadful if *I* were to catch it,—because" (she added hastily) "of dear little Arthur!"

"Well, we must hope for the best," said I, quietly folding up my prescription, and requesting that it might be sent to the druggist's without delay; and hastily taking my leave, with a countenance that, had she been as sensitive as in former times, she might perceive somewhat clouded with disapprobation. Was the mother's heart, then, already so dulled towards her suffering offspring! Could I doubt the selfish nature of her anxieties? What infernal change had come over her! Why did she not instantly order back her carriage, undress, and betake herself to the only place that then became her—the bedside of her child? But it was otherwise. A few minutes after I had quitted, she stepped into her carriage, and drove into the Park. At my suggestions the elder child, Arthur was sent off immediately to Mrs. Ogilvie's, who resided somewhere in the neighbourhood of Chelsea; and I continued in daily attendance upon little George for about a week, during which the symptoms were of the milder description, and I anticipated the speedy recovery of my little patient. Mrs. St. Helen, whenever I was present, evidently—at least I was uncharitable enough to admit the idea—*acted* the fond mother, *appearing* deeply interested in the progress of her child through his little perils. I had reason to believe, from one or two circumstances that fell under my observation that she did not withdraw from the world of pleasure.—The constant attendants upon little George were—not his mother—but Miss Churchill and his nursery-maid Jones, both of them most anxious and affectionate nurses,—as, indeed, I heard Mrs. St. Helen herself, in the blandest way acknowledge.—Well, indeed, she might, having thus devolved the chief of her maternal duties upon the companion she had invited to partake of her pleasures only.

I think it was about ten days after I had been first called to attend upon little St. Helen, that I was suddenly summoned, about eight o'clock in the evening to —— Street, with the intelligence that he had become very suddenly worse, and that Miss Churchill was much alarmed. Thither I repaired as quickly as possible, and found that appearances justified her apprehension. There was every symptom of the accession of the malignant form of measles. He had just had a fit of spasms, and was now breathing hard and quickly, and scorched up with fever. The symptoms were certainly serious.

"You must not, however, be too much alarmed, Mrs. St. Helen," said I, hastily turning round—forgetting at the moment, that she, the most interested, was not present. The child had been going on as well as usual,—rapidly recovering in fact, till six o'clock that evening; about which time Mrs. St. Helen, after making particular enquiries about the child, went off to dinner at Lady ——'s where she had ordered the carriage to call for her about nine, and carry her to the opera. In their fright, Miss Churchill and the servants forgot all this, and instinctively sent off for me. After giving such directions as appeared proper, I quitted the room, beckoning out for a moment Miss Churchill.

"Dear sweet little love! I'm afraid he's very ill," she exclaimed, much agitated, and bursting into tears, as she stepped with me for a moment into another room. I acknowledged to her that I considered the child to be in dangerous circumstances. "Have you sent after Mrs. St. Helen? she ought to be here."

"Dear we have been all so flurried—but we'll enquire," she replied, running down stairs before me. "I really don't think she's been sent for—but I will immediately. Let me see—nine o'clock. She'll be at the opera by this time."

"Then I will drive thither immediately, as my carriage is here, and bring her back with me. It will not do to alarm her too suddenly, and in such a place. Let me see: on which side of the house is her box?"

"Number ——, on the left hand side of the stage. I think, at least, that you will find her in that box, which is the Duchess of ——'s, and she called here to-day to offer it to Mrs. St. Helen. I drove off immediately, and had a twofold object in doing so—to acquaint her as soon as possible with an event of such serious importance as the dangerous illness of her child, and to endeavour, in doing so, to startle her out of the infatuation into which I feared she had fallen—to remind her again of the high and holy duties she was beginning to disregard. The sight of her dying child, would rouse, I thought, the smothered feelings of the mother, and those would soon excite an agonizing recollection of her distant husband. On arriving at the opera-house, I made my way, in my hurry, to the wrong side. I went into one or two empty boxes before I discovered my mistake; and when at length I perceived it, I determined to stay for a few moments where I was, and endeavour to see what was going on in the Duchess of ——'s box. There sate, sure enough, in the corner of the box, her face directed to the stage, Mrs. St. Helen, dressed with her usual elegance, and looking extremely beautiful. Her left hand slowly moved about her fan, and she was evidently occasionally conversing with one standing far back in the box. I contemplated her with real anguish, when I thought of her husband—*if, indeed, she were not now a widow*—and of, perhaps, her dying child. My heart almost failed me, and I began to regret having undertaken the painful duty which had brought me where I was. I stretched myself as far forward as I could, to discover, if possible, who was in the box with her, but in vain. Whoever it was that she was talking to—her fan now and then fluttering hurriedly—he, or she, kept as far out of sight as possible. Just as I was quitting my post of observation, however, a sudden motion of a red arm, displayed the feather of an officer's cap, satisfied me that her companion was the execrable Alverley. I now felt an additional repugnance to go through with what I had undertaken; but I hurried round to the other side of the house, and soon stood knocking at the door of the Duchess's box. I knocked and it was immediately opened by—Captain Alverley.

"Is Mrs. St. Helen here?" I whispered. He bowed stiffly, and admitted me. Mrs. St. Helen, on seeing me, reddened violently. Rising from her seat, and approaching me, she suddenly grew pale, for she could not perceive that my features were somewhat discomposed.

"Good God! Doctor, what brings you here?" she enquired with increasing trepidation.

"Permit me to ask, sir," said Captain Alverley, interposing with an air of haughty curiosity, "whether any thing has happened to justify the alarm which Mrs. St. Helen"——

"I don't wish you to be frightened," said I, addressing her, without noticing her companion, or what he had said—I could not overcome my repugnance to him—"but I think you had better return home with me; my carriage is waiting for you."

"O my child! my child!" she exclaimed faintly, sinking into her seat again; "what has happened, for God's sake?"

"He is rather worse—suddenly worse—but I think he was better again before I left." She looked eagerly at me, while her countenance seemed blanched to the hue of the white dress she wore. She began to breathe shortly and hurriedly; and I was glad that the loud and merry music which was playing, would, in some measure, drown the shriek I every moment expected her to utter. I succeeded however, with Captain Alverley's assistance, in conveying her to my carriage which I ordered on to —— Street as fast as possible, for Mrs. St. Helen's excitement threatened to become violent. She sobbed hysterically. "What a cruel, cruel wretch, I have been," she murmured, in broken accents, "to be at the—the opera—when my darling is—dying."

"Come, come, Mrs. St. Helen, it is useless to afflict yourself with vain reproaches. You thought, as we all thought, that he was recovering fast when you set off."

"Oh, but I should never—never have left his bedside! Oh, if I should lose him! I shall never be able to look my"—— Thus she proceeded, till, overcome with exhaustion, she leaned back, sobbing heavily. As we entered the street in which she lived, she whispered, with evidently a great effort to overcome her agitation. "Dearest Doctor—I see—I know what you must think—but I assure you—I—Captain Alverley had but that moment come into the box, quite unexpectedly to me, and I was extremely vexed and annoyed."

I was glad that the carriage stopping spared me the pain of replying to her. Miss Churchill came running to the carriage, as soon as the hall-door had been opened—and almost received Mrs. St. Helen in her arms—for she could hardly stand, her agitation became so suddenly increased.

"Emma—Emma! I do assure you he is better—much—a great deal better!" said Miss Churchill, hurrying her along the hall.

"O Jane—I shall die!—I am very ill! I cannot bear it—can you forgive me?"

"Hush! hush! what nonsense you are talking—you rave!" exclaimed Miss Churchill, as we forced Mrs. St. Helen into the dining-room, where it was some time before she was restored to any thing like calmness. Mr. ——, the well-known apothecary, coming at length into the room, to take his departure, strenuously assured us that the child was very greatly relieved, and that he did not now apprehend danger. This I was happy in being able to corroborate, after having stepped up stairs to satisfy my own anxiety; and I left her for the night, hoping, but faintly, that a great effort had been made to snap asunder the infernal bands in which Satan, in the shape of Alverley, had bound her. It seemed, however, as though my hopes were justified; for morning, noon, and night, beheld Mrs. St. Helen at her child's bedside—his zealous, watchful, and loving attendant—for upwards of a week. She gave him all his medicine; with her own hands rendered him all the little services his situation required; ordered a peremptory "not at home" to be answered to all comers except Mrs. Ogilvie; and doubtless banished from her bosom all thoughts of Captain Alverley!

The morning after I had brought her home, as I have described, from the opera, on stepping into my carriage I saw some papers lying between the cushions of the seat. Supposing it to be some memorandum or other of my own, I took it up, and with unutterable feelings read the following, hastily written, in pencil:—

"Will you, angel! condemn me to a distant admiration of your solitary beauty? I am here fretting in old ——'s box; for mercy's sake rescue me. Only look down and nod, when you have read this, at ——'s box—I shall understand—and rely upon it, will not abuse your kindness."

I tore it with fury into a hundred fragments, and then, recollecting myself, regretted that I had not enclosed it to Mrs. St. Helen in an envelope, with "my compliments," so that she might be sensible of the extent to which I was aware of her guilty secrets. Could there be now any doubt in my mind of the nature of the attentions this villain was paying Mrs. St. Helen, and which she permitted? On reading this infernal missive, she must have "*looked and nodded*," and so summoned the fiend to her side. And now I recollected the falsehood she had presence of mind enough, in the midst of all her agitation, to invent, in order to explain away his being with her—that it was "unexpected" to her, and "vexed and annoyed" her. I long debated with myself whether I should communicate to her the nature of the discovery I had made; but at length, for many reasons, thought it better to take no notice of it. I looked at her with totally different feelings to those with which I had ever before regarded her. I felt as if her presence polluted the chamber of suffering innocence. Her uncommon beauty had thenceforth no attractions for my eye; I felt no gratification in her gentle and winning manners. I did not regret the arrival of the day fixed for both the children, accompanied by herself, to go to the sea-side; it would relieve me from the presence of one whose perfidious conduct daily excited my indignation and disgust. She returned from the sea-side, I understood, as soon as she had seen her children settled; I say understood, for I had no direct knowledge of the fact. She gave me no intimation either of the safe arrival of her children at the sea-side, or of her own return, or how they were going on. On our casually meeting in Oxford Street she certainly nodded, as our carriages met, but it was not the cordial recognition which I had been accustomed to receive from her. I saw that she did not look in good health—her face seemed clouded with anxiety. As, however, she had vouchsafed me no intimation of her return to town beyond the sudden and casual recognition just mentioned, of course I abstained from calling upon her. I wondered whether it had ever occurred to her as being possible that the note received from Alverley had been dropped in my carriage, and so come under my notice? She might have recollected that she did not destroy it but rather, perhaps, determined *not* to destroy it; she might have asked Captain Alverley if he had seen it—they might have reached the box—and then Mrs. St. Helen's guilty soul may have alarmed and worried her with the possibility that such a document might have found its way into my hands;—*and if it had*, could I then do nothing to extricate her from the perilous circumstances in which I conceived her to be placed? What right had I to interfere, however keen my suspicion, however sincere my attachment to her—as she was—and to her husband. But might I not endeavour to communicate with General or Mrs. Ogilvie on the subject? Yet I knew nothing whatever of him, and her I had seen but seldom and only at Mrs. St. Helen's; and besides, from the evident recrimination that I had interrupted between the sisters-in-law on a former occasion, it was plain that Mrs. Ogilvie must be aware of the light conduct of Mrs. St. Helen—probably she knew and feared far more than I—and so my communication would not appear incredible. Still it might be taken ill—and I resolved not to attempt so dangerous an experiment. As for anonymous letters, that odious system was my abhorrence. Suppose I were to write directly to Mrs. St. Helen, braving all chances, and faithfully expostulating with her on the dreadful course upon which she was too evidently bent—but with what benefit had my former attempts been attended! Suppose she should return my letter with indignation, or even in a fever of fury, lay it before Captain Alverley? So, seeing no possible way of interfering successfully between the victim and the destroyer, I withdrew from the painful spectacle, and endeavoured to discharge it from my thoughts. Still, however, in my intercourse with society, I was from time to time pained by hearing rumours of the most distressing description concerning the degree of intimacy subsisting between Captain Alverley and Mrs. St. Helen. Scandal was indeed busy with their names—which at length found their way into the papers of the day. Could, for instance, the following be mistaken?—"The *eccentric* conduct of the lovely wife of a very gallant officer is beginning to attract much notice in the *beau monde*. It is rumoured to have been such as to call forth an intimation from a *very high quarter*," &c. &c.; while in one or two less scrupulous newspapers her name, connected with that of Captain Alverley, was mentioned in the coarsest and most disgusting terms.

Alas, poor Colonel St. Helen!—if indeed, the chances of war had yet spared you,—was this not a fond and lovely wife you left with such an agony of grief—the mother of your children—she to whom you had confided so much—from whom you were expecting so enthusiastic a welcome after all your brave, and dangerous, and glorious toils? Better would it be for you to fall gloriously before yon grisly array of muskets—amidst the bellowing of your country's cannon—that to survive to meet the dismal scenes which seem preparing for you!

Alas, that I should have to record it! Mrs. St. Helen at length grew so reckless—the consequences of her infamous conduct became so evident—that even some of the less fastidious of the circles in which she moved, found it necessary to exclude her. Public propriety could not be so outraged with impunity.

It was a lovely Sunday morning in May 18—, on which, returning from an early visit to a patient in the neighbourhood of Kensington, I ordered the coachman to walk his horses, that I might enjoy the balmy freshness of every thing around, and point out to my little son, who had accompanied me for the drive's sake, the beauty of Hyde Park, at that point leading off to Kensington Gardens. I could almost have imagined myself fifty miles off in the country. The sun shone serenely out of the blue expanse above upon the bright green shrubs and trees, yet cool and fresh with the morning dew. With the exception of one gentleman who had cantered past us a few minutes before, and a tidy old country-looking dame sitting on one of the benches to rest herself from a long walk to town, we encountered no one. My little chatterer was making some sagacious observations upon the height and number of the trees in Kensington Garden, when a rumbling heavy noise indicated the approach of a vehicle at a rapid rate. It proved to be a chariot-and-four, coming towards us in the direction of Cumberland Gate—tearing along as fast as the postillions could urge their horses. The side-blinds were drawn down, but those in front were up, and enabled me to see—Mrs. St. Helen and Captain Alverley! She was evidently violently agitated, her white dress seemed to have been put on in haste and disorder, her hair was dishevelled—she was wringing her hands, and weeping passionately. He was so absorbed with his attempts to pacify her, as not to have observed me. I drew my breath with difficulty for some moments, the shock of such a dreadful apparition had been so sudden. It seemed as though I had met Satan hurrying away with a fallen angel!

So, then, this was her ELOPEMENT that I had been fated to see! Yes the final step had been taken which separated that miserable and guilty being for ever from all that was honorable, virtuous, precious in life: which plunged her into infamy irretrievable;—and her husband—her children!—Fiend, thou *hadst* triumphed!

My exhilaration of spirits, occasioned by the beauty and calmness of the morning, instantly disappeared. It seemed as though a cloud darkened the heavens, and filled my soul with oppressive gloom. "Papa!" exclaimed my little son, rousing me from the reverie into which I had fallen—"what are you thinking about? Are you sorry for that lady and gentleman? I wonder who they are! Why was she crying? Is she ill, do you think?" His attentions at length attracted my attention; but I could not answer him, for he reminded me of little Arthur St. Helen, who was just about his age! Poor children! Innocent offspring of an infamous mother, what is to become of you? What direful associations will ever hereafter hang around the name you bear!

About eleven o'clock I drove through —— Street, and on approaching Mrs. St. Helen's house, perceived indications, even in the street, of something unusual having happened. On drawing up at the door,—for I determined to call, if only to mention what I had seen,—I saw that there were several persons in the drawing-room, evidently agitated. The servant who opened the door seemed quite bewildered. I was requested to walk up stairs as soon as he had taken up my name, and soon found myself in the drawingroom, in the presence of Miss Churchill, General and Mrs. Ogilvie, the Earl and Countess of Hetheringham, and several other relatives and connexions of Colonel and Mrs. St. Helen. They were all evidently labouring under great excitement. Mrs. Ogilvie was perfectly frantic, walking to and fro and wringing her hands, the picture of despair. I addressed myself first to Miss Churchill, who stood nearest me. She took my hand, but suddenly quitted it, overcome with her feelings, and turned away.

"My dear Countess," said I, approaching the Countess of Hetheringham, who was sitting on the sofa, conversing with a lady, her handkerchief now and then raised towards her eyes, but her manner being still somewhat stately and composed—"I fear I can guess what has happened!" taking a chair opposite to her.

"*Eloped*, Doctor! she has positively!—We are all thunderstruck," she answered in a low voice. "We were preparing to go to church when the painful news reached us. We came off hither, and have been here ever since. I have not told any of my daughters."

"Her companion, I suppose"

"Of course that wretch Captain Alverley. It is a pity he is to succeed to the title and estates. The Earl, by the way, talks of calling him out, and so forth. I'll take care he does no such thing, however. Don't you think General Ogilvie should do so, if any one?"

"How, and when did she go?" I enquired, affecting not to hear her last observations. "I called to say that I suspected what has happened, since I met them this morning early in the Park"——

"Herbert!" exclaimed the Countess, in a less drawling tone than usual, addressing the Earl of Hetheringham, who was conversing with General Ogilvie and another gentleman in a low earnest tone, at the further end of the room—"Doctor —— says that he met the fugitives this morning in the Park."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Earl, earnestly, as they all three approached us. I told them what I had seen—and they listened in silence.

"Do you think we could mention the affair at the Horse-Guards?" enquired the Earl, turning to General Ogilvie. "I have a great mind to call on the Commander-in-Chief to-morrow, and represent the infamous conduct of his *aide-de-camp* towards a distinguished brother officer!" The General and his companion shook their heads, and the three presently walked away again to a distant part of the drawing-room, where they appeared to resume the conversation which the Countess's summons had interrupted.

"To tell you the truth, Doctor," she continued, "I am not much surprised at her turning out in this way"——

"Heavens, Countess! you astonish me"——

"Her father, you know," continued the frigid Countess, "was a very so-so kind of character, and gave her no sort of proper education. I have had my daughters educated in the strictest possible way—quite under my own eye! Mrs. St. Helen I tried to train, when she was with us for a short time—but it was useless. I soon saw it was vain; and she did—my daughters no good while she was with them, I assure you."

"Why, surely, Countess, you never saw any thing improper in her conduct while was under your care?"

"Oh, why, yes—I mean, not perhaps, exactly; but, to be sure, the girl's head was quite turned with the nonsense the men talked to her, as they do every new girl—they thought her pretty;" She paused, but I only bowed.

"'Tis a sad thing for us, Doctor, is it not?" resumed the Countess. "The papers will take care to get hold of it, because of her relationship to us—it is really most unpleasant!" At this

moment a servant entered, and whispered to Miss Churchill—and she, followed by Mrs. Ogilvie, presently quitted the room. "I dare say that is some message about the children," said the Countess to Mrs. Ogilvie, in a low emphatic tone and manner she had hitherto preserved—how I pity them, by the way! Poor things, it will be a fearful thing for them, they feel the greatest difficulty in settling in life—I quite feel for them," sighing gently. "I suppose by the way the Colonel will find no difficulty, if he should live to retire to England, in obtaining a divorce? But then the exposure is so great!" How long the Countess might have gone on in this strain, I know not, I was heartily tired of it—it seemed, so to speak, utterly out of place. Only I rose and bowed, saying I wished to see Mrs. Ogilvie before I left, as she and Miss Churchill seemed extremely excited and hysterical.

"You will not mention this affair more than you can help, Doctor!" said the Countess, with great dignity.

"Only on my profession," I replied carelessly, and quitted the room, perfectly wearied out and disgusted with the tone and spirit in which such a dreadful matter was discussed by one who ought to have felt a most painful interest in it—I directed a servant to show me to the room where Mrs. Ogilvie and Miss Churchill had gone; and was, within a few moments, ushered into the boudoir. How my heart sobred, as I hastily cast my eyes over the numerous handsomely-and-tastefully furnished rooms in the room—as especially when it fell upon a beautiful full-length portrait of Mrs. Ida Hamilton, hanging upon the wall!

"Oh, doctor!" exclaimed Mrs Ogilvie, observing my eye fixed upon it, and walking hastily up to it, she snapped a few small pieces with her arms clenched out towards it; and then, hurying her face on her hands, wept as if her heart would break. I rose and looked at the picture with its face to the wall.

"My brother! my brave and noble-hearted brother!" sobbed Mrs. Ogilvie, and sunk, overpowered with her feelings, into a seat.

"Where is my mamma?" kept consciously recurring little Arthur to Helen, when Miss Churchill was changing differentially in her arms, while her tears fell like rain upon his little head. "Where is my mamma?" the beautiful fallen mother.

"Shall I go, now, my love! You will never see her again!" she murmured.

"But I'll go and fetch her, if you will only tell me where she is. Miss Churchill won't, but mamie no reply.

"Why do you turn my mamma's picture round at that way?" he enquired looking at me with a haughty air—one that most strongly reminded me of his guilty mother. "I love my mamma dearly, and that is what you will do!"

Miss Churchill kissed him with compassionate fervour, but made no reply. Mrs. Ogilvie rose, and, hearing me to seize her, quieted the boudoir, and stepped into the room adjoining—

"Dr. Bruce of all the dreadful events I hate ever seen, can say thing equal this! I will never—indeed I would—have followed both my brother and his wife to the grave than lived to see day!—My dearest—my kind and generous—beloved brother—read it! read it, if you can. It has quite broken my heart!" and hastily snatching a letter from her bosom, she thrust it into my hands, telling me that Mrs. St. Hilary had received it only late last night, and in her harried flight, which it had perhaps occasioned, had left upon the floor of her dressing-room! The letter was from Colonel St. Helier to Mrs. St. Helen, and was quite damning enough to be with the tears of agony that had fallen from those who read it. It was as follows:—

"Malta, April 19th, 18—

"My sweet Emiba! Still two thousand miles are between us! Oh that I had an angel's wing to fly to you in a moment! But alas, that is what I have been wishing a thousand and a thousand times since I left you—for long years—ages. My lovely Emma! idol of my heart, and shall we indeed be ere long re-united? Shall I again clasp my dear beautiful Emma in, my own, and never again to be separated? Dearest! a thousand times the wealth of the Indies shall not tempt me to quit you!

"I confess I never longed for a letter before my regiment, being a little—mad, love! only a little, of a female. Don't be alarmed, my sweet Emma, for I assure you upon my honour that I am quite recovered. The fact is, that I never did, in the battle of A—an ugly wound in my left arm from a musket ball, which confined me to a tent and to my bed, for nearly six weeks—and Lord ——— in the kindest way, wrote to me to insist upon my returning to England for a year, to recruit. I came over land, and am rather fatigued with my journey. An opportunity of a letter keeps me at Malta for a week, but in the very next step I start for merry old England (yes, I will!)—Now have you been, my dearest Emma? And how are Arthur and George? Why do you say so little about them? about yourself? But I suppose you have got the common notice—their letters are addressed by you rather than those they are directed to!—How I have grumbled when I used to see the fearsome and strange sign of my little boys! I have never seen George—is he really like me? By the way, I have brought you some beautiful diamonds! I have almost haggared myself—till I arrive in England, to obtain them for Emma. How I am dying to light to see them upon you!

"Unless something really extraordinary should happen, you will see me in about a week after you get this letter—may be only a day or two after my letter; and, my own Emma, I most particularly wish 'but you will be alone during the week immediately following your receipt of this letter—for I must have you all to myself when we meet—as the Scripture has it, with our joy a stranger intermeddleth not. God bless you, my dearest, dearest Emma! and bless the dear boys heartily for me. Your fond—doting husband,

"Adonis St. Hilary."

I returned this letter to Mrs. Ogilvie in silence, who, with a heavy sigh, replaced it in her bosom.

"She must have read it," said I, after a pause.

"Yes," she replied with a shudder of pain and horror, "and if she felt herself guilty, I wonder she could do it!"

"What arrangements have you made with respect to the children?" I enquired.

She replied that she had already given directions for their removal to her house, where she should receive them under her medical tuition; trembling as she uttered the last word or two, as if in fear.

"I suppose you have heard some of the many painful rumours as to the conduct of Mrs. St. Helen lately?" said I, in a low tone.

"Yes—oh yes—infamous woman! But the General said I have been trenching on the continued during the last six months, or he would have taken poor children away from her contaminating presence, even by force, if necessary. I did frequently expostulate with her in the most urgent manner, but latterly she grew very haughty, and replied to me with great rudeness, even—"

"Alas, I fear her heart has been long corrupted," she shook her head and sighed. I mentioned the slip of paper I had picked up in my carriage.

"Oh, many, many worse things than that have come to our knowledge since we returned from the Countess's! Her disgraceful conduct with Miss Churchill from —— Street several months ago. Oh, the scenes even she has been compelled to witness! Is there no punishment for the vile abominable Jezebel?"

"Can it be true, Mrs. Ogilvie, that the villain has even had the miserable one-sided to bring a miserable sums of money from Mrs. St. Helier?"

"That also I have heard: that she has wasted the property of my poor betrayed brother, and their children, in order to supply his accursed love of the gaming table; but I cannot go on; I shall be distracted!"

I ascertained that very late in the preceding night or rather at an early hour of the morning, Mrs. St. Helen had returned from Vauxhall, accompanied as usual by Captain Alverley; and immediately upon her entering the house, the above letter from Colonel St. Helen was placed in her hand; her guilty soul was instantly struck at the sight of her husband's hand-writing. Captain Alverley perceived her change of look as she read the letter; and would have taken it away with him to destroy it, had she not insisted so vehemently on reading it, that he was forced to comply. She swooned before she had read half of the letter. All I could marvel on hearing, and subsequently was, that Captain Alverley left about three o'clock, and returned in less than an hour's time; that a travelling carriage-and-four drew up at the door about five o'clock; that she and her agitation and silence, that it was not till nearly half-past seven o'clock that Captain Alverley succeeded, after a vain attempt to induce her maid to accompany them, in carrying Mrs. St. Helen into the carriage, in a most in a state of insensibility. He gave the usual servants to understand that their services were discontinued of to meet Colonel St. Helier. She had not ventured into the room where her children slumbered, in the confused consciousness of the fearful scenes that were going forward.

To be continued.

Indian Warriors.—The St. Louis, Mo. Republican contains an article which states that orders have been issued by the Secretary of War to Major Beall, the chief quartermaster of the Western Department, to charter one thousand clan tents on the Missouri, to take one thousand Indian warriors to Florida, if they can be induced to go. The order, we regret says, directs Major Beall not to procure the service of 600 Sioux, 200 Sacs and Foxes, 200 Delawares and 200 Kickapoos. The Major is to accompany the Indians, and in the character of *commissary, and on agent, and for his services is to have a Colonel's pay.* The Republican expresses the conviction that the employment of the reports stating, however, that but little hope is entertained by the superintendent of procuring the required force.

LETTER FROM MAJOR DOWNING.

Nigh the Wreck of the Two Pollys,
ROCKAWAY, L. I., Sept. 16, 1837.

To the Editors of the N. Y. Daily Express.

I got one of your papers in which you printed my last letter to "Uncle Sam," and when I read it, it was fortunate for you that you was 90 miles off—for I never did any such literal work as you made of some parts of my letter. However, I don't mean to go to work now, if I can help it, and read my letters to the press. Send any thing in 'em that don't read smooth, and ain't correct as to dates and facts, back to me, and I'll make the alterations. It was just so once with a young Doctor, a friend of mine in the Old Colony times, who wrote a long letter once, about how he cured a man of a dreadful bad case of fever and ague. "Doctor," says I, "my old friend you have had a rare feller, and no wonder you're proud of him; but you must send all your fits to the printers." "Why, says he, I'll send 'em any thing more sooner. You have got to send 'em all, or none. I can't pick and choose. You'll find that your young wives will be as glad to get rid of them as I am of my fits, I'll be bound. But you mustn't talk of divorce, or they'll bring you to the State prison for fraud and libel in the courts. And by the time you prove guilt on any on 'em, they'll get you "on the hop," and then you'll be sent to the State prison for life for murder, and compare it with what it was—in a fit, you'll only be sent to the Lunatic Asylum." "But, says I, "my old friend you have had a rare frolic, there is no denyin' it, and you ought to be proud of all frolics." "Now, says I, "we must get rid of our fits, and I'll tell you how I'll do it." "I'll be honest," says he, "if that is so sound as ever else was, and not the worse for having taken a few fits, but will stand a fair trial by a jury." "I'll go to work," says I, "Uncle Sam, and tell her just what I've been about, and if she don't like it, and don't miss my guess, you will see a few weeks look about clean again as a new pin." "You're a natural critter, and likes to see all happy about her, she will do all she can to provide for it." "Well, says I, "I'll make a bargain with it later, for she thinks you more to blame than they be, I'll be bound." "Well, says he, "I'll go and get slick'd up, and you get all your buttons sewed on, and we will go and see 'em, and be ready to welcome a friend or knock down an intruder, if necessary." "Agreed," says I. —And with that Uncle Sam he twitch'd up his breeches, and spunk'd off to get himself slick'd up, and I sewed on buttons.

I'll tell the balance of this story another time.

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 31 Brigade.

Attempted Suicide.—Mr. Caleb Hartshorn, a respectable inhabitant of this city, was found in the corner of State and Washington streets, on Saturday morning last, in a dying state. He was being himself with a penknife at the left breast, but, fortunately for him, the knife struck a rib, and apparently obstructed in thought, when the clerk of the store, who was at the desk hearing a noise, looked up, and saw Mr. H. stretched upon the floor, apparently in great agony, the blood issuing from the wound. A number of persons were called, who bound up the wound, and Mr. H. was soon restored to life. He was conveyed to the hospital. We did not learn what motive is considered mortal.—*Amer. Trav.*

Mechanics Fair.—Among the articles presented at Quincy Hall, are two beautiful models of ships of war, sent from the Charleston Navy Yard. One of them is a model of a frigate of the first class, the other of the ship Virginia, now on the stocks. In constructing a vessel of war frequent alterations are made in the original arrangement, and sometimes mistakes occur as to the directions given for such alterations. The master mechanics therefore agreed to form a complete model of a first class vessel of war, with the view of obviating these difficulties.—*Boston Paper.*

Saturday Evening Post.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1837.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The article of Poetry, bearing the title, "The Fairy Isle" is declined, with thanks.

"Mr. F." may be assured, that from us he has nothing to fear. The articles to which he alludes, shall appear at an early day.

Lafayette Square.—Mr. Wm. Wright the correspondent, for the liberty we have taken in curtailing his letter, which was a matter of necessity, in order to accommodate them, to the space at our command.

A letter has been received inclosing a request for the announcement of a death, the writer however failed to remember the postage.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

Great Equitorian Fool.—Mr. Grant who was elected to ride 200 miles in 9 hours without getting down, for a purse of $1000, performed the feat on Friday and Saturday last. He commenced at 2 o'clock on Friday, and in 25 minutes, leaving 27 minutes square time. His present situation is somewhat critical, for he has had no opportunity of visiting Park near Philadelphia.

Cotton Crop.—We have seen that "the tomatic will remove stains of ink, and what is commonly called iron rust from linen.

A Proper Level.—Mr. Porter is reporting to be retained by the "*Farmers and Mechanics Savings Institution*" to survey the water privileges in the interior of this State. They are dated at Philadelphia. There's to no such institution in this city.

Cotton Speculation.—Cotton has risen there is an unusual quantity of cotton being exported to Liverpool, occasioned by the improvement of the Liverpool market.

Specie.—The three last packets which sailed from New York, took out $1,100,000 in specie, and $340,000 in coin. At New Orleans on the 6th inst. there were in store $4,000,000 in specie, and bringing a sum, amounting in the whole to $5,000,000.

The New Orleans Picayune of the 8th inst. sets the deaths down at fifty per day. The interments, however, are not fifty daily—The New Orleans Bee remarks, the lacks and blacks are a cash commodity, and will work for them. They are going from morning till night.

Appearance.—On motion of the Hon. George N. Briggs, the House of Representatives, resolved, that no strange persons should be sold in the Capitol, or on any of the public grounds.

Meteoric Stone.—The Columbia Register, states that a meteoric stone fell on Saturday last, fell on the farm of Ezekiel Harbison, in Lancaster county. The noise was heard for miles, and crushed a valuable ox, afterwards burying into the earth near two feet.

The Case.—Porter of Kentucky giant is advancing to New York, he is twenty one years of age, and is seven feet and a half high.

Arson.—The New Haven Register of the 9th inst. gives the particulars of seven incendiary attempts in that city during the last week. The buildings were mostly barns, of which one was wood factory room four stories high, and the flames were extinguished before much mischief was done. The Register says he "would gladly give $500 for the apprehension of the incendiaries.

Late Storms.—Almost all the Southern papers contain information of the destruction done by the late severe gales. At Apalachicola on the 2d inst. one hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of property was destroyed. In various parts of Florida the crops are almost ruined, the houses, mill seats, and other valuable property.

Distressing Casualty.—Three little girls of the ages of four, five and six years, were found on Saturday last, in the cellar of a house in Chestnut street, between Front and Second, on the north side of the street, in one of the cellars of the dwelling of Mr. Nicholas Brady, by Seth Davis, Esq. West Newton.—*Traveller.*

Foreign Paupers.—The Mayor and Aldermen of Boston have agreed upon a memorial, addressed to the committee on the House of Representatives, Correction, and Reformation, to send alien paupers to their own country, at the public charge. The expense is not to exceed ten dollars for each person that may be transported. The memorial is to be ready for use. The trip from Philadelphia to Liverpool and back, in the packet ship then be made in one day—*Ball. Patriot.*

The fourth annual exhibition of the Washington Institute, will take place on the 5th, 6th and 7th inst. The spectacle is said to have been the most splendid display of fruits and flowers was greater, and more beautiful than on former occasions. The collection of exotics was large, and that of native plants was perfect in every of universal admiration.

Newark.—The corporation of Newark, recently elected on Temperance grounds, have passed an ordinance prohibiting the sale of liquor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, or both, for any person within the bounds of the city, and that of the police will be directed to act on Sundays.

Paragraphs in the late English journals indicate a belief that Paganini is on the seas on his way to America. Should he come what a fuss there will be among the fiddlers, and what a grinding of violins to bring them to the single-string standard.

Advices from China state that opium smuggling has been carried on extensively. The price at Canton has risen to $1600 per chest—the money pressure has been unprecedented.

A fodder in New York named James Macintyre, has been at different times 174 days in prison, during the past twelve months, for beating his wife. He was tried again Tuesday on the same charge, and sentenced to the penitentiary for one year.

Flour at Cincinnati on the 21st ult. was $5.25 at Dayton, and Zanesville, $4.75 a 5. Wheat 75 to 87 cents per bushel.

A gentleman of Baltimore, while riding in a gig through the streets of that city was overcome by the carelessness of a stage driver. His collar bone was broken, and he received other injuries of action at law to recover damages from the proprietors of the line; one hundred dollars was awarded to him by a jury.

The intention of the Prince de Joinville, son of the King of the French, to visit this country at an distant period has been announced. He has been for the last two years passing a recreation, and has made three or four voyages with the view of acquiring such a knowledge of marine affairs as will enable him to command a frigate. Some others, if not to take command himself.

The Legislature of Georgia, at their last sede, in the highest state of preservation, have recently been found in the cellar of the Capitol, in the State the Peak of Derbyshire. Some of the sheets have the freshness of living species.

The number of persons employed at Birmingham is 160; which is equal to 3700 horses' power.

The Mines of Russia.—Russia bids fair to be the Mexico of the Old World. Last year the quantity of gold from the mines amounted to about $1,000,000, and that of her silver mines to about $30,000.

Cropping—Lynch Law.—A Mr. Stanley, of Jackson, Miss., was lately dragged out of his house at night, and had both his ears cropped close to the head. He did not know the men, but his wife recognized some of them. Such flagrancies are perpetrated, or are presses generally, that we should be surprised them *Lynch prosecution!*—*Public Ledger.*

Plague in Bengal.—A letter received by the Bombay Marine, dated Calcutta, July 3, states that the plague had made its appearance in the upper provinces of Bengal, and that the government were taking every precaution to prevent its reaching Calcutta.

Prop. South Africa.—We have files of the "Graham's Town Journal, and Cape of Good Hope Literary Gazette Free Press Register," to the 15th of June inclusive. They give us no tidings of interest, except frequent and alarming notices of the Kafir depredations on the frontier. The condition of the settlers is represented as extremely precarious, several very many of them are abandoning their settlements.

The Slave Trade is actively carried on between the coasts of Africa and Brazil, wished on by the latter—in the latter part of July, 24 slave vessels landed their cargoes near Pernambuco, and four more in the month of August. One vessel arrived with 447 of the miserable victims, the freight of which amounted to 30,000 six-peak.

Great Fair.—It is expected that a great Fair will be held at Nobles, New York, on the 16th of October, for the purpose of encouraging the introduction of labour saving machines into the service of agriculture. The Committee will be useful in obtaining the varieties of machines exhibited, and the best mode of using them, and the cost of them in England is nearly, nearly useful and practical information will be acquired.

Labourers Wanted.—The Begrave(Pa.) Argus of Wednesday last says:—"We have been informed by an extensive farmer in this county, that he employed on the Five Extension of the Pennsylvania Canal, a few miles above Duncan's Island. There is a sufficiency of money to carry on the work vigorously during the season, and we hope the president will not withhold it."

Steam Ships.—It is stated in the New York Times, that there are fifty thousand persons out of employment in that city. The prospect is gloomy indeed.

Mr. C. F. Durant, of Jersey city, near New York, has planted 28 acres of ground with silk worms, which is a native of this country. The silk is represented to be superior to that of the Italian, and 28 acres and 15 minutes, leaving 27 minutes square time. His present situation is somewhat critical, for he has had no opportunity of visiting Park near Philadelphia.

Cotton Crop.—We have seen that "the tomatic will remove stains of ink, and what is commonly called iron rust from linen.

A Proper Level.—Mr. Porter is reporting to be retained by the "*Farmers and Mechanics Savings Institution*" to survey the water privileges in the interior of this State. They are dated at Philadelphia. There's to no such institution in this city.

Cotton Speculation.—Cotton has risen there is an unusual quantity of cotton being exported to Liverpool, occasioned by the improvement of the Liverpool market.

Specie.—The three last packets which sailed from New York, took out $1,100,000 in specie, and $340,000 in coin. At New Orleans on the 6th inst. there were in store $4,000,000 in specie, and bringing a sum, amounting in the whole to $5,000,000.

The New Orleans Picayune of the 8th inst. sets the deaths down at fifty per day. The interments, however, are not fifty daily—The New Orleans Bee remarks, the lacks and blacks are a cash commodity, and will work for them. They are going from morning till night.

Appearance.—On motion of the Hon. George N. Briggs, the House of Representatives, resolved, that no strange persons should be sold in the Capitol, or on any of the public grounds.

Meteoric Stone.—The Columbia Register, states that a meteoric stone fell on Saturday last, fell on the farm of Ezekiel Harbison, in Lancaster county. The noise was heard for miles, and crushed a valuable ox, afterwards burying into the earth near two feet.

The Case.—Porter of Kentucky giant is advancing to New York, he is twenty one years of age, and is seven feet and a half high.

Arson.—The New Haven Register of the 9th inst. gives the particulars of seven incendiary attempts in that city during the last week. The buildings were mostly barns, of which one was wood factory room four stories high, and the flames were extinguished before much mischief was done. The Register says he "would gladly give $500 for the apprehension of the incendiaries.

Late Storms.—Almost all the Southern papers contain information of the destruction done by the late severe gales. At Apalachicola on the 2d inst. one hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of property was destroyed. In various parts of Florida the crops are almost ruined, the houses, mill seats, and other valuable property.

Distressing Casualty.—Three little girls of the ages of four, five and six years, were found on Saturday last, in the cellar of a house in Chestnut street, between Front and Second, on the north side of the street, in one of the cellars of the dwelling of Mr. Nicholas Brady, by Seth Davis, Esq. West Newton.—*Traveller.*

Foreign Paupers.—The Mayor and Aldermen of Boston have agreed upon a memorial, addressed to the committee on the House of Representatives, Correction, and Reformation, to send alien paupers to their own country, at the public charge. The expense is not to exceed ten dollars for each person that may be transported. The memorial is to be ready for use. The trip from Philadelphia to Liverpool and back, in the packet ship then be made in one day—*Ball. Patriot.*

The fourth annual exhibition of the Washington Institute, will take place on the 5th, 6th and 7th inst. The spectacle is said to have been the most splendid display of fruits and flowers was greater, and more beautiful than on former occasions. The collection of exotics was large, and that of native plants was perfect in every of universal admiration.

Newark.—The corporation of Newark, recently elected on Temperance grounds, have passed an ordinance prohibiting the sale of liquor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, or both, for any person within the bounds of the city, and that of the police will be directed to act on Sundays.

Paragraphs in the late English journals indicate a belief that Paganini is on the seas on his way to America. Should he come what a fuss there will be among the fiddlers, and what a grinding of violins to bring them to the single-string standard.

Advices from China state that opium smuggling has been carried on extensively. The price at Canton has risen to $1600 per chest—the money pressure has been unprecedented.

A fodder in New York named James Macintyre, has been at different times 174 days in prison, during the past twelve months, for beating his wife. He was tried again Tuesday on the same charge, and sentenced to the penitentiary for one year.

Flour at Cincinnati on the 21st ult. was $5.25 at Dayton, and Zanesville, $4.75 a 5. Wheat 75 to 87 cents per bushel.

A gentleman of Baltimore, while riding in a gig through the streets of that city was overcome by the carelessness of a stage driver. His collar bone was broken, and he received other injuries of action at law to recover damages from the proprietors of the line; one hundred dollars was awarded to him by a jury.

The intention of the Prince de Joinville, son of the King of the French, to visit this country at an distant period has been announced. He has been for the last two years passing a recreation, and has made three or four voyages with the view of acquiring such a knowledge of marine affairs as will enable him to command a frigate. Some others, if not to take command himself.

The Legislature of Georgia, at their last sede, in the highest state of preservation, have recently been found in the cellar of the Capitol, in the State the Peak of Derbyshire. Some of the sheets have the freshness of living species.

The number of persons employed at Birmingham is 160; which is equal to 3700 horses' power.

The Mines of Russia.—Russia bids fair to be the Mexico of the Old World. Last year the quantity of gold from the mines amounted to about $1,000,000, and that of her silver mines to about $30,000.

Cropping—Lynch Law.—A Mr. Stanley, of Jackson, Miss., was lately dragged out of his house at night, and had both his ears cropped close to the head. He did not know the men, but his wife recognized some of them. Such flagrancies are perpetrated, or are presses generally, that we should be surprised them *Lynch prosecution!*—*Public Ledger.*

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A vessel on the Norwich and Worcester Rail Road, at the Quinebaug Falls to Lisbon, of 100 tons burden, is now in very rapid work, was completed on Monday of last week. This being the most difficult part of the work, its completion was celebrated by a huge number of ladies and gentlemen, who partook of a dinner, and a procession of the workmen.

Gale in the Chesapeake.—The following particulars of a gale which was experienced on Thursday, August 31, in the Chesapeake bay and Potomac river are taken from the Princess Ann Herald:

"A vessel belonging to Alexander Jones, Esq. that has ever ravaged the inhabitants of Tangier sound, was capsized off Hooper's straits. The passengers and crew, after clinging to the wreck for the space of three hours, amidst the fury of the gale, were taken off by the master of a vessel that happened almost setting hope at defiance, and the captain and crew of another vessel bound to Baltimore.

"No loss of life, we believe, occurred, either in Chesapeake bay or in the Potomac, though in the latter we have heard of ——— narrow escapes, one of which seems ——— truly wonderful. Mrs. ——— Miller's residence, a few miles above Fredericksburg, was struck by lightning, and almost instantly the house was in flames. After the fire had been extinguished, Mrs. Miller was found lying on a sofa in the parlour, with her infant child in her arms. Both were dead! The child was burned to a cinder, and the mother was literally roasted from head to foot. Her clothes were entirely consumed, and her body was so shrivelled up that it resembled a mummy. Her husband was absent at the time, and the house was in charge of a negro woman, who escaped unhurt."

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival on the 15th inst. of the Packet ship Garrick, Capt. Hathaway, the editor of the Commercial advertiser are in possession of London papers to the 16th of August. To that we are indebted for the following summary.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Times of August 15th, contains the names of all the members returned for the new Parliament, in England, Wales and Scotland, of which the following is a summary.

	Whigs	Tories
English cities and boroughs,	141	70
English counties,	114	6
Scotland,	265	235
	30	33
	295	268
	27	

Conservative majority.

The whigs claimed a majority of twenty-two, but the whole House was not elected, three contestations must be sounded, of course, upon an anticipated majority of thirty-nine from Ireland.

Peace has also made further democratic visits, to the houses of suspected persons.

Peace has also been concluded between the French, and the Bey of Constantine, the latter acknowledging the sovereignty of the former.

The kingdom is said to be in a state of perfect tranquility, and there was a high promise of the harvest and vintage.

SPAIN.

The accounts are more than usually vague and contradictory, but we collect that the forces of Don Carlos and those of the Queen of Spain are regular troops and 9,000 guerillas, acting independently of either party. The latter, it is said, have possessed himself of Cazaravega; and Segovia has surrendered to one of his generals.

PORTUGAL.

The insurrection appears to be gaining ground. All the old officers and adherents of Don Pedro have been dismissed from office, and new ones orders deserted in whole companies. Marshal Saldanha had placed himself at the head of the insurgents, and was marching upon the capital, Lisbon. Two of the ministers had resigned, it is supposed, on account of the Queen's refusing to proclaim the charter of Don Pedro, which was the principal object of the insurgents in satisfying the insurgents. These had wound the town of Abrantia, the garrison offering no resistance.

The Queen is no doubt at heart in favor of the charter, and has only yielded to the pressure from the Cortes, who were appointed to assess the charter, and to propose such alterations as were which brought the existing monarchy into power in the year 1820. The Queen has appointed Saldanha as her reason for not receiving the deputies, but this was considered only a pretext. A letter from Lisbon has no doubt taken place, long before this time.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Female Duel in Paris.—On Monday the 24th ult. six young ladies entered a fiacre at the rue Royale, No. 8, and drove to the residence of a coachman to draw to the Bois de Vincennes. Arrived at the Bois, the coachman of Mr. Deschamps received a handsome gratuity, which seem to have been the object of the party, and they dismissed him. The young ladies then proceeded to the interior of the wood, and commenced a furious combat. The unfortunate rival to mortal combat. The irritation of the combatants was the result of a love affair of honor that the two ladies, each accompanied by a second, had met on the field of battle, pursued to the Bois de Vincennes. A pistol having been refused by the seconds, the combat materials fired in turn. The murderous engine, however, had been loaded by inexperienced hands, and the ball flew wide of the mark, unaccustomed to the arena of duelling. Nevertheless, the ball had taken effect, although in a slight degree, and though they were by no means desirous of the fact, the seconds declared that their principals had done all that honor called for, and insisted upon withdrawing their wounded from the field.

Seduction and Desperate Attempt at Suicide.—Mary Wilkinson a fine young woman, 21 years of age, residing in the service of Mrs. Hannah Street, Baker street, Portman square, attempted to put a period to her existence in consequence of being accused of having formed an intimacy with being pregnant, which she solemnly denied. Her mistress accused her of having had a clandestine rival to mortal combat. The irritation of the combatants was the result of a love affair of honor that the two ladies, each accompanied by a second, had met on the field of battle, pursued to the Bois de Vincennes. A pistol having been refused by the seconds, the combat materials fired in turn. The murderous engine, however, had been loaded by inexperienced hands, and the ball flew wide of the mark, unaccustomed to the arena of duelling. Nevertheless, the ball had taken effect, although in a slight degree, and though they were by no means desirous of the fact, the seconds declared that their principals had done all that honor called for, and insisted upon withdrawing their wounded from the field.

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A French Massacre!—The Augsburg Gazette gives the following, as the subject of general conversation at Paris:—"The Duke de Broglie, the provincial nobility has recently been the scene of a most horrible massacre. A party of 30 head of a band of robbers. She is said to have plastered the brigands in her castle, and received their principal chief into her bosom, after which she betrayed the brigands in her castle, and received their principal chief into her bosom, after which she betrayed the brigands in her castle, and received their principal chief into her bosom, after which she betrayed

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST
PHILADELPHIA.
Saturday, September 23, 1837.

In our paper of to-day will be found the conclusion of the powerful and deeply interesting story of the "Passenger," which, we have no doubt will attract the attention of every class of readers. The insidious approaches of vice are described in a manner that, evinces a profound knowledge of the mysterious workings of the human heart.

PORTRAIT OF MR. NICHOLAS BIDDLE.
Through the politeness of J. Eichelin, we have received a beautiful engraving of Nicholas Biddle, Esq. The plate we understand is executed by Sartain from a portrait, painted by Mr. Eichelin. The painting was said to be far from the commonplace, and the likeness of the original is fully preserved. There is perhaps rather too much solemnity imparted to the upper part of the countenance, but in other respects we are told say, that is the man. This specimen does honor to the artists of the country, who only wants a favorable opportunity to enable them to place a still nearer approach to perfection.

SILK.
A gentleman from Burlington, N. J. whose name we do not recollect, has left at our office, specimens of silk, all things considered are not to be despised. He has made more than 200 pounds of Silk, the sample exhibited to us appears to be of a good quality. It is cause of much satisfaction to the friends of Silk to see it increase, in various parts of the country.

PHILADELPHIA.
The city of Philadelphia, is now reaping the benefit of the large funds "squatted here, by an ingenious citizen, who devised the gains of many fortunes by means of a little piece of paper, pen and deed. Numerous are the improvements now being made, there is scarcely a street in which some evidence of intended taste will not be discovered. Private enterprise, as by the wand of a magician, has transformed the falling tenement, and barren waste, into splendid edifices where many may be seen gaily dwell. But the public improvements are less striking and imposing.

The persons who are acquainted with Philadelphia, and particularly with the condition of the arrow and neighbourhood at the foot of Dock street. The old Drawbridge lot was for many years a reproach, to all things cleanand on and the Docks were nothing better than a nuisance. But the times have changed as well as men, and all will admit that the Docks, as far as there now arrives a large and very capacious quay in front of the stores of tobacco, has one side facing Spruce street, another on Pine street, on the river side there is a cut of a range of lofty stores, extending from Dock Spruce street.

The Docks have been filled up, and the face of the one to the north, is now occupied by lack of stores, where ere long we hope, the strong sounds of increased business, will be heard. The ample space between Dock street and Walnut, spacious in dimension, and affording a fair prospect than any other in the city. The old canal connected with the Western waters at Fairmore Rail Road, leaves here daily in the morning. This long neglected spot, now exhibits a pleasing appearance, and considering that at the time of writing this article, the part of that street between Third and Dock streets undergoing a change in the manner of paving. Street is now being laid with Belgian blocks, and a firm basis for oblong blocks of wood, which are intended to supply the place of the pebbles heretofore used. A level solid pave will thus be made, by which many of the formerly complained of, will be remedied.

Chestnut street has been paved with this kind of pave, preparation, is also being made for an pavement in paving, wooden blocks are to be the supporting stone, they are to be hexagonal (six sides), by which the advantages of the two forms will be assured. This mode of paving has been, it is practised in St. Petersburgh and Copenhagen, there does not appear any good reason why would not succeed here. The wear and tear vehicles, the supreme constantly hurtling ones, the never ending vexation endured by singers and residents from the confusion and ill raised by the execration adversable. To block and the feeble the paved alteration, would if be successful, will be peculiarly agreeable.

Chestnut street from Fifth to Sixth, has been the last few years, paved in the manner recommended by Mr Adam, and has thus far answered the intended purpose. The wear and tear caused by the rattling of carts, and communicated to surrounding objects, is subject of grievance to the Courts in the vicinity. This plan has not been in any other part.

At the corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets, there is made a crossing, which has recently been decided upon, and is now being laid with large oblong stones from end to end, and rammed down solid, by which substantial pavement is formed.

Mulberry street, between the 12th and 13th, being repaired, large flag stones are placed immediately at equal distances from each and the intermediate space filled up with the pebbles, the alteration being only in the right stones. By this procedure the stones are firmly bond together, and the whole surface made more capable of resisting the effects of the weather, and other causes of in-

AMERICAN TRAVELLER.
We have received the third edition of the American Traveller, or Guide through the U. S. &c. by H. S. Tanner, No 51 south Third

In a very small space, this volume contains many facts of importance to those who, amusement or profit, travel through the and forms a guide of our extensive country will here find a fund of information to obtain population, cities, roads, canals, and distance of the several states. We advise every traveller before he commences his journey to this useful little book in his pocket, and save himself much embarrassment.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE.
We appear from the New York papers, that the American Institute, is in a flourishing state of that city, cannot agree. The Ame, it is said, had a contract for Nibb's and refused to carry it into effect, whereupon the and the Mechanic's Institute determined their hair should be held at the same time place. It appears that this seeming prosperity, crime increases, as there are no less than four executions, reported in three days, two for murder and two for forgery.

READING NOTES.
The Reading Chronicle contains the following article, for the information of those who in the great amount of small notes issued may be disposed to receive them.

Articles must be sent in on the 13th of October.

The first number of a new daily paper, called North American, has been issued in this

MISS ELLEN TREE.
Albion for September 16th, is embellished with a beautiful engraving, representing Miss Tree, in the character of Ion. The plate is modelled from a lithograph by Miss GilLondon, and the likeness was corrected Henry Inman. The execution of the is done in an able manner. Every is used to insure fidelity and accuracy Miss Tree having sat for the of correcting the likeness.

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION
The exhibition this year, presents a magnificent display of fruits, flowers and plants, and has very properly been visited by the beauty and fashion of our city. Every encouragement should be given to the cultivation of fruits and flowers, as independent of absolute utility, the pleasure it affords is unalloyed with any painful or malevolent feelings. The collection of fruits and plants was numerous, embracing many rare varieties, which were disposed with a taste and elegance, which reflected credit on those by whom the arrangements were made.

The rooms were ornamented by the Dahlias, arranged in such a manner as to present the spectator with one splendid mass of form, in one instantly representing the eagle, while in another a large star shone amid the loveliness of nature's hallowed charms. In another part was seen a pyramid formed of Dahlia's from the nursery of Samuel Reeve, of Salem, N. J. They attracted much attention, by their superior beauty, and were indeed the handsomest specimens in the room. These beautiful plants were of every hue, from the unspotted white, to the mournful black. In addition to the other articles there was a pumpkin, weighing two hundred and thirty eight pounds, and measuring 8 feet, 6 inches in diameter, the cultivation of which, on the farm of the original Chalkley Place, near Frankford. There were two circumstances which unhappily served to distract from the merit of the exhibition. The rooms were entirely too small, and many interesting plants and fruit were placed in the back apartment, where in the throng it was impossible to get a near view.

Another omission which might have been remedied by a little care, was the absence in many instances of the name and place of growth of a plant, or the place it came from could be known. It is to be hoped the next exhibition will find these errors corrected. Our limits will not allow us to enter into a detail of the articles, we shall reserve another occasion give a more ample description.

Pickwick Papers—Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, have just published the 4th part of the Pickwick papers containing the 13th to the 17th inclusive, to the great gratification of the lovers of genuine wit and humour. The character of these papers is of such a nature, that any comment from us would be superfluous, those who have read the previous parts, will find in this no diminution of the power to please. The picture of Sam Weller, as a waiter, a footman, a jeweller a gem to be set or engraved, is bound to be a favorite with all. Mr. Pickwick's intend on the completion of the work to give it a finish and elegance to their outward appearance, that are making for the issue of a complete edition in two volumes, 12 mo. What will make this last edition the more acceptable is, that it will contain numerous plates, executed by the inimitable pencil of Seymour and Sam Weller. The fourth abounds in admirable delineations of character, and is replete with the richest humor and pathos, while at times there is a moving pathos which awakens more serious feeling.

WISCONSIN TERRITORY.
It is but a few years since this rich mineral kingdom was first settled, and now the mining business is actively carried on, and a private mail paper established at Dubuque, called the Iowa News. We have just received the 13th number, which contains the following paragraph. For a large portion of the information it contains, the public are indebted to J. Plumbe, Esq. an intelligent resident of the country.

The Snow Chief's now on their way to Washington, are from this tract, occupying two hundred and fifty miles of the East Bank of the Mississippi, between the Wisconsin & Rock River in the Wah trap, capable of accommodating millions. All the smelting furnaces are actively engaged in making lead, and large quantities of ore are raised.

"Flour is from $12 to $15 per barrel; Beef from 8 to 10 cts per lb; Corn 50 cts per bushel, and all other articles in proportion. Labour is from $30 to $35 per month and board, and yet not enough can be had." Of the agricultural prosperity of the country the following extract is proof:

"Will any man of common sense pretend to say that the country can ever fail, when it is recollected that only twelve months have elapsed since the commencement of the first farm

Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

Cibber.

Clive Hodges.—How coarse is that the sea.
Which mighty seems the rearward shore,
Black as sate as any gre.
Next morning where he was alive?
"Sea-room" replied the learned sage,
"Your ignorance is truly rabbit;
He always needs look at night,
And don't the reason he's unstable."

"Now, my son," said a father to his wild and unpromising offspring, "what do you mean to bring me?" "Oh, father," replied the youth, "I don't know, father, I rather think I shall count in the last war."—*Barnstable Patriot.*

WOMAN-MEAT.—Unhooking a young lady's frock to enable her to undress.

"Come friend," said a creditor to his debtor, "I want that money." "Forward you get it." But "I must have it now." "Well—if you get it before I die, just let me know, will you?"

INTERESTED TO EFFECTUAL.—Those who are curious in such matters may be interested to learn, as they may from Solomon's Journal, that "the action of oysters are influenced by the color of the frock, that of the main being by the sun; that of the female by the moon."

KEELER PAINTING.—Gainsborough is in every ling English; he was, in some measure, our own painter; but Reynolds is not entirely so, he imitated no one, either in his conceptions or his style of colouring. At he had several times out of the island, he had also with those which aleng to those who have studied in the eternal city; but his reputation was all the better for that; it came from no original source. There is much truth in the sarcastic admonition of Northcote to his pupils on departing for Italy, "Go, my lads, go, and remember you cross the Alps to steal."

CORRIGAN'S DEATH.—Of the close of his days, it is said that the canons of one of the churches, which he was employed to embellish, were so displeased with the work, that to insult him they paid the price in copper; that he had this unworthy brethren to carry eight miles in a hornical cart; the jingle of the way, the sneers of the lord, and the depression of spirit, brought on a fever which carried him in three days to his grave.

Among the many legends respecting this illustrious artist, it is said that a young person looked long and earnestly on one of the pictures of Raphael, when suddenly her face brightened, and he exclaimed, "I also am a painter, Titian, when he first saw my work, exclaimed, 'Why I not Titian, I would wish to be Corregio.'"

MAD DOGS.

The character of Franklin is too well known to require any comments by way of introduction, in the following anecdote:—When what is now a very decent "tobacco" was set a road through New Jersey, from the side next the North river, was little less than a most shocking bridge, which was the misfortune of Franklin to be travelling through. He was perched on the stage coach, when they had passed about half way over it, they overtook a wretched, decrepid old woman, nearly exhausted with toil through the water and mud, which were half leg deep. Franklin, feeling compassion on her miserable appearance, proposed admitting her into the coach—a proposal she have himself. The proprietor refused—Franklin remonstrated—insisted—authorized—but all in vain. The driver was inexorable, and declared he would "never be bothered if he'd be murder by pay to-day." So the old body was left to wade through.

In the course of their ride, and while the carriage changing their through the very worst part of the road, the horses making sweat heavy at every step, the coachman, finding his patience fairly growing and sweating with vexation, the conversation turned, some how or other, upon mad dogs, hydrophobia, &c. Franklin was looking in the water—the man observed he eyes fixed very steadily upon it, and noted the circumstance. Franklin shook his head.—The man repeated the question—Franklin replied by repeating the shake—at the same time asking very abruptly, do you dislike to look at water? "I? said the man, no—dislike to look at water, no indeed, do you?" Yes, said Franklin, riveting his eye upon him, and shaking his head quick—pray have you ever been hit?—don't think he was mad—poor little fellow!—he was no—only a puppy—couldn't a been mad—no bigger than—though! stopping at the sight of two jumped—struck through the side of the coach, up to his chin in the mud.

Divine in cracker, said Franklin, drive on—The man obeyed, the symptoms of hydrophobia all disappeared from Franklin, and the stage proprietor was left to plough his way through as the poor old woman had been ploughing before him.

ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM IV.—When serving as a midshipman in the navy, there chanced to be on board the vessel with his royal highness a Lascar. Mondie, of the marines, who on more than one occasion had the misfortune of paying him useful attentions. It subsequently happened that serving to be summoned to, at least, on very culpable error in duty, the services of this officer to the marines were dispensed with, and he was consigned as ruinicate at the receipt of his misfortune. Some one of the most important in the Orkney Islands.

It occurred, fortunately for Lieut. Mondie, that the vessel in which the duke was serving should set at those islands, and the royal sailor failed not, immediately, both to call upon his friend in his distress, and received him in the kind manner best calculated to disarm mortification of its sharp sting.

On ascertaining his dependant position, his royal highness—knowing him with an order in his private capacity as an annual amount about double what his pay would, under other circumstances, have been, and ultimately procured him a commission in a veteran corps.

It is easy to be generous out of a large income, but when it is considered that at the period of granting this provision, the duke's pecuniary allowance was very limited, the fact speaks most favorably both his benevolence and generosity of the tailor kind.

GAMBLERS.—A man who had gone over a great part of the world, returned at length home even his travels in his friends and requested him to relate what he had seen. "Listen," said he. "Every where beyond the limits of my country of the Hereos, there are men whom I thought very strange; they frequently sit at a table until late in the night; there a to cloth laid, they do not eat—they do not drink—a small flask around them; two armies might be engaged in battle; even the sky might threaten to crush them in its fall, they would remain unmoved on their seats, for they are dead and dumb. Yet now and then these escapes from their lips a half broken unconnected and amusement, and they instantly roll their eyes at the same time. I often stood looking at them with astonishment, for when such strange tales are told elsewhere, gently and without noise. Believe me, brethren, I shall never forget the horrible countenances of these men. Pallor, mixed fury, malicious joy and anguish were by turns visible in their features." Time rage, I assure you, appeared to me that of the furies—their gravity that of the judges of hell—and their garb that of mourning." "What was their object?" asked his friends. "They attend, perhaps, to the wishes of the community?" "No!" "They are seeking the philosopher's stone?" "No!" "They wish to discover the quadrature of the circle?" "No." "They do penance for old sins?" "Nothing of all that." Then they are mad; if they neither hear, nor speak, nor feel, nor see, what can they be doing?" "They are gambling!"—*From the German of Trabinoir.*

The Poetry of Sea.—James Montgomery in a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution last April quotes the use of gas as a splendid example of the romance of reality, in the un-ideal age, and says:

"*In fame dare borne,*" from smoke to bring forth light, is the consummation of the poet and the artist, as the figurative language of one of its greatest masters. This is literally fulfilled in the process of establishment cited. From the dark coal, the deo vapour, passed through purifying vessels, and collected in large reservoirs, is thence discharged through branching tubes, and illuminates the streets, houses, and the the actions and resort of a human body, distributing the subtle, invisible, and peculiar flame, where it suddenly required by thousands of minor pipes, to which it ties as innocent as the sleep of infancy, till on the turning of a tap, and the application of a taper, the beautiful flames leap up through their jet-pock orifices, and continue to cast those steady, clear, and powerful light so long as required; then at a touch they again disappear. In a more sense, this is quite as marvellous as the exhilarating fictions in the Turkish tale of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp; when the moment he lighted one branch after another, by many derrings or genii appeared, and danced about it in a ring, till at the touch of his wand once vanished as suddenly, throwing him a sense of silver.

HARD OF HEARING.

A LOVE STORY.

A young Jonathan once courted the daughter of an old man that lived three miles off, and unfortunately as to be deficient in hearing;—but, forsooth, who was more cautious than limited in hearing, as he could not tell to what.

It was a stormy night in the latter of March, if I mistake not, when Jonathan, with his hat slouched and pants of tremoist wet thereto, that Jonathan set by the old man's fireside, courting the old lady, (his intended mother-in-law) in the meantime, the old man sat in the corner listening to every "fail," which Jonathan resolved to "pop it" to the old man the next day; "but," said he, "I'll be darned if I can get the old woman to hear my weakness, he's so confounded hard to hear a body." In the meantime the old man had become dissatisfied as far as hearing was concerned, inquired into the matter, and Jonathan was dismissed to his home; and Jonathan; but contrary to the anticipation of both, he distinctly heard every word that passed. The next day, the old man was in the height of another day, the old man was to be found in the field, and Jonathan, full of courage, came up to him and in a loud voice, "popped the question," which the old man heard distinctly in the morning, upon the old man hearing it, he immediately left his work, and in a few seconds of a minute elapsed after Jonathan popped the question, the old man replied, in a loud "good morning." Now Jonathan's heart beat! He scratched his head, and ever and anon gave it a gentle scratch, and finally concluded that he'd as brave take thirty-nine 'stripes' as to ask the old man again, but he resolved to try once however, here goes it, a faint heart ne'er won a fair lady, and calculated that if once more, he'd say, old man, I want to marry your daughter!

Old man. You want to borrow my halter?

Jonathan. (Not yet the victim of despair, and getting his mouth to the old man's ear, bawled out) I've got a gal!

Old man. So have I, Jonathan, and it's the the worst cold I ever had in my life." So saying the old man went home.

By this time the old lady came up, and having overheard Jonathan's declaration, she paid her her mouth to the man's ear and screamed like a thousand devils!

Daddy—I say daddy—you don't understand him, he wants to marry our daughter.'

Old man. I told him so—I'm not deaf—I'm not a fool.

Old Lady. 'Why, daddy, you can't understand—he's rich!'

Old man. 'He's got a cold and the itch, eh! what's the devil being here with the itch? eh! So he wants to marry our daughter, eh! Jonathan with his walking staff, but happily for Jonathan, he dodged it. Nor did the rage of the old hero cease here, but with a countenance as red as a brick, he followed Jonathan, who took to his heels; nor did Jonathan's luck end here, for he had not got out of the barn-yard, nor far from the old man, when the latter made a close race, as fortune would as he too and fell to the ground and before the old man could take up, he stumbled over Jonathan, who was groveling on the wet ground, and springing to his heels, and with the speed of John Gilpin, he reached home.

Jonathan's father was a very poor but: she died a MUS. Never had a husband.

A WEDDING.—The bride turned a little pale, and then a little flushed, and as I had one of the right quantity of bright, becoming color, and almost stood a tear, but out quite, for a smile came instead, and I thought cheeks of the bride were warmed not to forget the ring, and all were congratulations around the table. The bride's mother sat in a clear, low voice, and the new name was whispered around the table. The bride's father smiled more; and she turned her bright face to be looked at by every one. Deeper colors, and more relations and friends surrounding her; and they thought that Sophy Stoketon was still dearer and prettier than ever Sophy Grey had been. Then the carriages were entered, and the house was hushed. Mrs. Grey went into her own house—her childhood's home—her home so long—and found it empty. And the servants in the travelling dress took its place, and all crowded round her to say good-by—to look at it took at that dear face once more, and to say that it was sealed—to pray that it might be a happy one—and then the bride was driven away from her home—away with a stranger! and tears and smiles were mingled on many a face looks, and long embraces, and a father's manly tear and sister's fond kiss, and a mother's and sister's tear, that vainly tried to be a smile, and the mother's echo: and Sophy Grey left her father's house—and the bright beam of his eye, and hope upon her now: and another moment, the carriage drove off, and the door was closed, and scattered—and Sophy was gone. Oh! how melancholy the house looked, deserted, by those where but a moment before all had been interest and happy! Then the sad and extraordinary of deserted sensation, when those we have been accustomed to see are gone—when the agitation, the interest at parting is over: the forlorn, empty look of the room—the work box, the drawing materials, the books, the chairs, the tape, one single thing left to remind how all was in confusion before, and the consideration and cast aside—the cover of a letter which had been scribbled over in the forgetfulness of the happy conversation.

DENTIST BRAINARD.—*Ladies Beware!*—The world is full of evils, and of none that fesh is heir to more than the dentist's art. It is more fearful than of that one which comes in such a questionable shape, as to render very important answers on her part necessary. Miss ——, of Augusta, Me., and Miss —— of Augusta, Ga.,) were both victims of this blessed art—were both served the same good looking, black eyed, black haired, dentist, and both were left by him of both married him after he had been the husband of another some months, and both in finding her a large family and a broken heart to deplore her folly. Now we have no right to reiterate her passage to the tomb,—beautiful creature! she has departed!—she has left the, to her, miseries to fall with but one regret, that any by nature should remain inhabitants of this world of sorrow and disappointment. She has gone! and sorrow and disappointment. She has gone! and we have only to say, Amen!

THE PROPER FEELING.—One of our Oregon county farmers met in the farm in the interior of the county, and found him a good democrat, with a constitution of democratic principles and convictions, of such adverse shame, remarked in the most serious manner, "I almost wish that I was a tory, for which I am ashamed to be seen travelling through the country with!" Why my good friend, replied the other, "what have you been doing?" "Why no one dare charge you with wrong doing—what have you got to be ashamed of?" "Why, sir," said he, "which I have bought here to carry home upon my horse, and have to feed a bunch of stout hearty boys. It is the first and it shall Providence permitting! be the last barrel of flour I ever purchased on any land given there." That is the right feeling. Such a man and such a sentiment is a honor to any state, and would be a honor to any country. Let such sentiments be the characteristic style of the inhabitants of the land, and we shall no more be obliged to send abroad the poverty of many years of labor, to purchase scarcely sufficient for a single year's consumption.—*Newburgh Telegraph.*

AN OLD-TIME PREACHER.—A writer in the last Knickerbocker says that Lavater, the famed German divine of the seventeenth century, was remarkable for his eccentricities. He would have done no discredit to Dean Swift. His sermon on the text 'Mark' is a singular example of reverend jesting.

The following extracts are but fair examples of the spirit which pervades the whole book, written during the plague at Vienna, a challenged by the military guard:

"Who's there?" 'No friend.' 'Who is no friend?' 'I, Mark, and I'll not be driven from turn out!' 'My loving friends,' replieth Death, 'I cannot laugh in my sleeve, for I have none. Let me alone, I beseech you, and do not cause me to frighten my scythe with your pikes and halberts; that would be a sad jest, I tell you.' 'Thou knave! I destroyed—The sum total, or Mark Wet knaveish, SHALBOLDE!'

'Mark, I am afraid of you!' No, no! order arms! Albert your leaders, *Mars*, and I, as I am called to name, I cannot abide neutral, but declare upon war on you! Let him who doubts of my valor, but step forward, and he shall not be met! * * * It hath always been the fate of the Jews to be hated, and they are the main force in the city, and a guard at St. Peter's Church-door. Let them be set to work by the officers will, changed their ordering, and almost all the troops were bidden to *Go to* at once in the morning, and to the Church-door, and post to post on the walls.

Let us quote the conclusion of this branch of his address:

'Let the study die, then, be it in fire or in water, on earth, or in air—what matter? * * * Let then the dunghill—this nest of worms—this cage of fiends—this living worm—this chief of earth; let it die—the perishing rottenness—the trickery and decay—the pestiled sepulchre—the congregation of diseases—the bundle of rags—the sit food of nothing! Let it die!—let it perish! Let it decay—this living hospital—this sport of chance—this little heap of earth—what, how, where it may—it matters not. But I beseech thee by thy son's salvation—I sound it in three ears, with spirited hands. Let not the sect, perish! This carcass and precious hand work and image of God—this temple of the Holy Ghost—this

The prescribed symptoms were—A sense of distress and depression after eating, distressing pain in the pit of the stomach, nausea, impaired appetite, giddiness, palpitation of the heart, great debility and emaciation, dyspepsia of spirits, disturbed rest, sometimes a tolerable appetite and sore in the right side, an extreme degree of hypochondriasis, with other dreadful symptoms, rendering existence miserable exhaustion and weariness.

Mr. McKenzie is daily advertising his testimonials and some of the above symptoms have removed since he used the medicine. He is now a strong and healthy man. He resorted to reprisals of remedies, but they were all ineffectual. He is willing to give any information to the afflicted respecting the inestimable benefit rendered to him by the use of Dr. Wm. Evans' medicine.

Dr. Wm. Evans' office, Philada., is removed to No. 18 S. 4th st. or near Market, where his excellent medicines can always be obtained.

AN EXTRAORDINARY AND REMARKABLE CURE.—MISS. MARY DILLON, Willmonsburgh, corner of Fourth and Buck streets, completely restored to health by the treatment of DR. WM. EVANS, 180 Chestnut street.

The symptoms of this distressing case were as follows: Total loss of appetite, palpitation of the heart, twitching and pain in the region of the stomach, which pain at times amounted to spasms, with a sufficient point of itself to be felt.

It is a truth that almost every person who has any knowledge of the human system, is aware that the stomach is the seat of many diseases, and that they originate from a want of such an invigorating organization as will enable the stomach to perform its functions with perfect regularity.

The above case was pronounced hopeless by three of the most eminent physicians, and the dissolution of the patient was daily expected by her friends, which was unfortunately by the physicians who were in attendance on her case. Miss Dillon was induced to try the above facts, and will also gladly give any information respecting the benefits she has received, to any enquiring friend.

MARY DILLON.

Dr. Wm. Evans' office, New York, 180 Chatham street, Philada., 18 North 4th st. or near Market, and 168 Seneca street, Buffalo, is removed to No. 19 North 4th st. or near Market, where his excellent medicines can always be obtained.

PARALYTIC RHEUMATISM.—A case of confirmed by the treatment of DR. WM EVANS.—Mr. John Gibson, of North Front st., Philada., was afflicted with the above complaint for three years and nine months; during which time he was confined to his bed. Excruciating pains were the concomitant pain in all his joints, but occasionally in the hip, shoulder, knees and ankles, an aggravation of which would cause him to scream with pain. Every muscle of his body was affected, and the slightest touch or movement caused him excruciating pain, so obvious the keeping of the functions of the system, and the most distressing perspiration. For the benefit of those afflicted in a similar manner, Mr. Gibson consents to meet in any that the pains have entirely left him, and that he is now a strong and healthy man, and can attend to his business.

Dr. Wm. Evans' office, No. 180 Chatham st. where he can be consulted at all hours. Dr. Wm. Evans' office, removed to No. 19 N. 4th st. or near Market, where his excellent medicines can be obtained.

LIVER COMPLAINT TEN YEARS' STANDING.—Mrs. HANNAH BROWNE, wife of Joseph Browne, No. 168 Seneca street, Buffalo, was afflicted with the above complaint for the last ten years with the Liver Complaint, complicated with a severe pain in the right side, could not lie on her left side without an aggravation of the pain, which was extreme, and was also afflicted with a severe pain in the region of the stomach, which was frequently attended with vomiting, and was also afflicted by three of the first physicians, but received but little relief from their medicine. All Mr. Browne possessed some of Dr. Wm. Evans' medicine, which relieved her in a few days. She is now in the enjoyment of good health, and is willing to give any information respecting the benefits she has received from the use of Dr. Wm. Evans' medicine.

Dr. Wm. Evans' Office, No. 180 Chatham st. where he can be consulted at all hours. Dr. Wm. Evans' office, removed to No. 19 N. 4th st. or near Market, where his excellent medicines can always be obtained.

DR. CHARLES ROGERT, No. 192 Orange street, Philada., was afflicted with a severe attack of Dyspepsia, which was of the most distressing character, and was unable to take any food but a few crackers and tea, which was of no use, as they were thrown off by vomiting. Dr. Wm. Evans' medicine was recommended to him, which he procured, and after taking a few doses, found relief, and by continuing the medicine, it is now in the enjoyment of good health, and is willing to give any information respecting the benefits he has received.

Dr. Wm. Evans' Office, No. 180 Chatham st. where he can be consulted at all hours. Dr. Wm. Evans' office, removed to No. 19 N. 4th st. or near Market, where his excellent medicines can always be obtained.

REMARKABLE CURE OF CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, with an Affection of the Lungs.—cured under the treatment of DR. WM. EVANS, 180 Chatham street, New York. Mr. Benjamin S. Jarvis, 13 Centre street, Newark, N. J. suffered for four years with severe pains in the joints, and at a variety of times, attended with a slight cough; the tongue presented a steady white appearance, and the appetite was bad. He was under extremely rare course, the urine high coloured, and often profuse sweating, contributed to reduce his system very much. He had also considerable difficulty of breathing, with a sense of tightness across the chest, and was in a great state of nervous irritability.

The above symptoms were not only removed, and a perfect cure effected, but restored by Dr. Wm. Evans.

BENJ. S. JARVIS.

City of New York, ss.

Benjamin S. Jarvis being duly sworn, doth depose and say that the above statement is correct, subscribed to by him, are in all respects true.

BENJ. S. JARVIS.

Sworn before me, this 10th of November, 1838.

WILLIAM SAUL, Notary Public.

Dr. Wm. Evans' office, No. 180 Chatham street.

Dr. Wm. Evans' Medical Office, No. 180 Chatham st. New York, and 168 Seneca st. Buffalo, removed to No. 19 North 4th st. or near Market, where his excellent medicines can always be obtained.

MRS. ANNE CANNEY, No. 113 Chatham street, was afflicted with Dyspepsia and Hemorrhoids, of many years, with the following distressing symptoms:—Acid eructations, nausea, vomiting, pain in the region of the stomach, palpitation of her heart giddiness and dimness of sight, could not lie on the right side, and was also afflicted with nervousness, having thin flannels; vapor or smoke, sometimes a customary aire of an intermittent character, and was also afflicted with a severe pain in the head and places, nevertheless symptoms of personal disagreement, disquietude on every night occasion, she could not control she could neither for any time, she slept, laboured, and was also afflicted with a severe pain in the head, and was also afflicted with a severe pain in the head, and was also afflicted with a severe pain in the head